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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Government, in quickly and firmly driving the Military Service Bill through its second reading, has, beyond all doubt, done a bold, strong thing. This is at last a stroke of war, with some grim decision, some true sign of "sticking-at-nothing" behind it. The measure must be forced on and carried, if needful, with a high hand against the gang of disloyalists and loose bad spouters who are visibly shrinking now they see the country is united and absolutely resolved to stand no treachery. The Government has now nothing really to fear. The opposition, if sternly tackled now that the country's spirit is high, will die down to a few pro-Germans and Stop-the-war traitors. The vast bulk of the men will come in: only a perfectly contemptible minority will stand out to the last and openly admit themselves physical cowards. There is not the slightest cause for alarm or croaking. The really difficult part of the operation is done, for the Government has really got its knife in now. This is far and away the best and boldest thing either this Government or the late Government has done since it faced war in August 1914. We have at length something like a National Government at work.

Through the debate the usual tedious, foolish babble was indulged in by the bores about the Bill being really a Bill of the wicked "Northcliffe Press". Everyone with an atom of sense is utterly sick of this story. There is nothing of the least value in it, and it is becoming the sure sign of a hysterical person. As a fact, moreover, the "wicked" Press in question has, it is certain, done far more towards rousing the country to action than all these weak babblers and bores; and in regard to this particular Bill it has played a very useful and active part. So, also, has the admirable "Morning Post"—appropriately published in the street named after Wellington! The public owes a great deal to the patriotic section of the Press in this matter, and is not likely to forget it hereafter.

Mr. Anderson, the Labour M.P. who moved the rejection of the Bill, made, in his speech on Tuesday, considerable play with the SATURDAY REVIEW. We have taken the trouble to look up his two references to the REVIEW in the official Parliamentary Debates of 11 January. First he drew on a recent "Note" in which we expressed a very strong distaste for the manner in which the cry of Married v. Single, the young "fetch-me" unmarried "slacker" v. "the poor dear married man", had been indulged in in many quarters. It is absolutely and literally true that this unpleasant cry has been unpleasantly overdone and used excessively by that voluntarism in which Mr. Anderson and his friends are ardent believers in order to stave off honest outright obligatory military service! It has been one of the thousand and one dodges of the so-called voluntarists which have figured in their papers and with which a million walls have been plastered for many months past. True, it has in the end—this particular cry of alleged voluntarism—actually served to defeat the foes of compulsion and drawn many of them into the net. But the dodge is really their own dodge—they have hanged themselves in one of their own nooses; therefore, Mr. Anderson's plaint that compulsion has at length come through a dodge should be brought against his own beloved voluntarists. Outright National Service, a noble and inspiring thing, deals in no dodges and contrives no nooses.

Mr. Anderson is not happy in his quotations from the SATURDAY REVIEW. Plucking a few lines from another issue, he quoted us as saying: "National Service is required as much for the effect it will have upon the miners and munitions as for the part it will play in the actual raising of armies". Herein he thinks he perceives compulsion in the workshops. Again he is wrong. If he had studied the SATURDAY REVIEW dispassionately for the last year or so, he would have found that we never called for, or aimed at, compulsion in the workshops, and, indeed, in June warned Mr. Lloyd George that it would be

bound to fail in the Munitions Act—and hardly had we warned him than fail it did, with a vengeance. No: outright, all-round obligatory or National Service, applied moderately and statelily, would have made compulsion in workshops, factories, etc., totally unnecessary. The workers would at once have fallen in line really voluntarily under National Service with the fighters. That is the point; but Mr. Anderson misses it. The people who have seen, behind our arguments for obligatory and truly National Service, a dark, sinister design for compulsion in the workshops and factories have been suffering from disordered livers, or imaginations, or both. We have never asked for it, or thought it practicable.

The serious part of the second reading debate began with Mr. Redmond's announcement that the Irish members would not oppose the Bill, and the debate ended with Mr. Henderson's announcement that the Labour Ministers were remaining in the Cabinet. Thus was the passage made smooth to a majority of 392.

Mr. Redmond's speech was brief. He had simply to explain that, after so many members had voted for the first reading, he did not desire his party to vote against the second. The Irish Party did not like the Bill, but preferred to be not *too* conspicuous in opposing the Bill. This drew an eloquent appeal from Sir Edward Carson, who followed. Sir Edward Carson pointed out to Mr. Redmond, with a merciless cordiality, that it was quite impossible for Ireland not to be conspicuous. Ireland was conspicuously excluded, and the Irish Nationalist members would conspicuously abstain from voting. Sir Edward Carson's speech was able and direct. He made two main points in his speech—compulsory military service had already been required by law from time-expired marines and soldiers, and the "conscription of property", of which we hear so much from the Labour speakers, had already begun.

There were two other notable speeches on the first day. The first was from Mr. Walter Long, who robustly attacked the argument that by bringing in the single men first Great Britain would be converted into a sort of Prussia. Great Britain would not be a sort of Prussia even if every man in the country were under arms. The second speech was from Colonel Sir Mark Sykes, fresh from a tour of more than one Eastern theatre of war. Sir Mark brought wide knowledge and practical sense into the debate, spiced with excellent phrases and apt quotations from Burke and Shakespeare. This is a blend which the House has come to expect from Sir Mark Sykes on the rare occasions when he is "up". Perhaps the most urgent passage of his speech was that in which he expressed the need for sustaining the prestige of Great Britain in the East "by deeds in the present".

Mr. Ellis Griffith opened the debate on the second day with a speech which had in it the qualities of lucidity and candour which have distinguished his letters and public statements on this matter for the first. The voluntary principle had a dubious life in it when Lord Derby began his great campaign; but it expired outright in the first few weeks. Then came the "pledge", which killed voluntaryism stone dead. This was the time for resignations. If it be wrong to fetch men for the Army, it must be wrong to get them into the Army with stern threatenings that they will be fetched. There can certainly be no "principle" in bluffing men to join the Army with threatenings which are not intended to be serious. If Sir John Simon seriously intended the threatenings to which he was a party in November last, he cannot claim to be a voluntarist in principle. If he did not seriously intend them, he has deservedly been required to suffer for unsuccessfully bluffing in a game of political poker.

Sir John Simon's whole attitude on this question

was wittily described by Sir Mark Sykes as "the price of Admiralty". People who live in countries unprotected by a big fleet, if they thought as hazily and crazily upon their public questions as Sir John Simon thinks upon "voluntaryism", could not survive independently for even a single generation. He quarrels at one time with the principle, at another time with the expediency, at another time with the details of the Bill, till, in the end, it is impossible to form any exact idea as to why, really, Sir John Simon resigned. The two speeches of Sir John Simon upon the Service Bill are the most confused and ill-arranged we ever remember to have heard from a politician of Cabinet rank. Mr. Asquith's charge against Sir John Simon of "wandering in the academic groves" was unfair to the academics. After all, the academics teach men how to compose and expose their thoughts. Sir John Simon seems to have lost touch with the academics whose Fellowship he once so conspicuously enjoyed.

Mr. Asquith's speech on Wednesday was entirely practical, announcing the result of the afternoon's conference with Labour, and appealing at the close for a general consent. This touched Mr. Pringle, who withdrew his opposition to the Bill; but it left Mr. Snowden cold. Mr. Snowden made a faultless oration, much appreciated by a full House. It had but one grave defect: that it might have been delivered any time within the last ten years.

Mr. Henderson's closing speech was attentively heard for its information and for the very definite tone of its entire support of the Government. In return for an assurance that the Service Bill will never, never be used to prevent workpeople from striking or asking for higher wages, or in any way pursuing their own interests as in time of peace, the Labour Party consent to keep their thumbs up and allow Mr. Henderson to remain in the Cabinet. So Mr. Henderson is still happily free to pay warm tributes to Mr. Asquith and to acknowledge with enthusiasm what ready and generous sacrifices the compulsionists in the Cabinet have continually made in order to give "voluntaryism" a last chance, and many further chances after the last. How often have they agreed that oxygen shall be administered to the dying patient, despite the fact that by the patient's death a chance would arise for the patient's honest heir? The passage in which Mr. Henderson pointed at these things was, in effect, one of the most remarkable of the whole debate.

What has become of the gentleman, we wonder, who used in his "Westminster Gazette" to twit the SATURDAY REVIEW as the "Organ of the Conscriptorists", and to request it to blow a rousing note, instead, on the trumpet of voluntarism? We have not seen his *nom de guerre*—"Voluntarist"—there for a long while. We should like to see him figuring once more in the "Westminster" at our expense; but, alas, he may hardly recognise the "Westminster" (save by its colour) in these degenerate days of out-and-out compulsion properly rammed down the Liberal throat by a Liberal Prime Minister! If he will write to us, we will do our best to find him a niche in the SATURDAY REVIEW, which, unlike his wicked "Westminster", has not changed. Let him take heart and come forward; and we will give him the hospitality of our "Correspondence". After all there is something in giving a friendly hand to the cast-out preachers of lost causes. Did not a great mind claim for Oxford that she is a home of lost causes?

But perhaps he, with so many of the other Donna Julias of Radicalism, has consented, whilst whispering they will ne'er consent. It appears an easy, even an agreeable, penance, judging by the happy way the "Westminster" itself has got through it. And now the "Daily Chronicle" is busy yielding to the Conscriptorist violators, to the rapers of Radical virtue.

Thus we observed in its leading article of Tuesday this priceless euphemism of the mere niggling difference between the "Conscriptionists" and the "No-Conscriptionists" to-day: "Slight differences of view in the House of Commons as to recruiting methods".

Mr. J. H. Thomas spent last week-end in South Wales setting meetings by the ears with speeches about the unity of the nation. He apparently conceives himself as promoting this unity by talk about possible oppression and conspiracies against the working men and appeals for the "conscription" of wealth. Conscription of wealth can only mean heavy taxation for the rich; and this conscription began long before the other kind came to the front at all. It is agreeable to note that Mr. Thomas's sentiments raised some furious protests, and that some of the ears were loyally deaf to his mischievous appeals. An appeal to class feeling outside the House of Commons is more serious and less excusable than voting with Noes to the Left inside the House. Has Mr. Thomas considered the effect of his speeches upon the miners, who decided on Thursday to oppose the Bill by a Conference vote of over half-a-million? The effect must surely be to encourage the feeling for a strike.

This week the Austrians have won a big success in Montenegro, capturing Mount Lovtchen, which commands, on the east, the capital of Montenegro, and, on the west, the Austrian port and harbour of Cattaro. In a few days Cetigne will fall, probably; it is being attacked from three sides. Meantime the balance of power in the Adriatic has been seriously upset, for the taking of Mount Lovtchen adds so much strength to the Austrian naval base at Cattaro that neither the French at Corfu, an island south of Avlona, nor the Italians at Avlona and Durazzo, can feel that their allied interests are unthreatened.

As some set-off to this new position there is the safe withdrawal of the remaining British troops from the Gallipoli Peninsula. Not a man was lost in this difficult operation. General Sir Charles Monro gives the credit of this achievement partly to Generals Birdwood and Davies, and partly to Admiral de Robeck and the Royal Navy, whose assistance was invaluable. But, however ably a perilous retreat is carried out, it is a retreat; and in this case it cuts the losses of a most tragical fiasco—the worst one in our military history.

General Townshend, who for more than five weeks has been practically besieged at or near Kut-el-Amara, on the Tigris, holds his own, and three very able officers—Generals Aylmer, Younghusband, and Kemball—are marching as rapidly as possible with their relieving columns. The Turks appear to be in large force, and they have no wish to fight a decisive battle. On Friday evening, 7 January, the relieving columns encountered the enemy near Sheikh Saad, about 42½ miles by the river route from Kut. General Kemball took the Turkish position on the right bank, adding 700 prisoners to his men; then he entrenched near the village. On the other side of the river General Aylmer, V.C., was held up by three Turkish divisions, who outflanked him; and on Saturday night he reported that the fatigue of his troops prevented him from advancing. Next day the Turks retreated, followed by our cavalry.

What is happening on the south-west of the Russian front along the battlefield of the Bessarabian frontier? A telegram from Petrograd on Wednesday declared that military opinion in the capital assumed that the Russian offensive had passed into a temporary suspension, while the Austrian *communiqué* on the same day claimed an important success, giving details. "The retreat of the enemy occasionally degenerated into a disorderly flight, and his losses were great. Before the sector of one battalion 800 dead Russians are lying." It is said that the Russians attacked five times; then, at ten in the

evening, they made a final effort in close formation. Whatever the truth may be, British readers are bewildered by the Bessarabian reports.

In Champagne there has been some jumbled fighting which has been claimed as a success by both sides. At Lille the Germans have lost by explosion a munition magazine. Seventy persons were killed and forty seriously wounded. At the beginning of the week contradictory reports of events in the Vosges mountains came from Paris and Berlin, the Germans claiming that they had retaken all the positions on the southern slopes of the Hartmannsweilerkopf. A part of this report is true, but it cannot be definitely described. The French admit the enemy succeeded in taking a little hill to the north of the summit of Hirtstein. "In these circumstances our troops occupying that summit were withdrawn."

Mr. Hewins showed in his able speech on Monday how well he understands what our Imperial trade policy should be in order to bring the whole economic strength of the Empire into co-operation with our Allies in a campaign directed against Germany. It is clear that an economic policy to suit the needs of this war ought to be of Imperial use after the defeat of Germany, for neither we nor the Dominions ought ever again to hark back to the economic disunity of pre-war times. Under modernised conditions the trade rivalries of great nations have assumed the importance of a never-ending war that affects the general well-being of States. Germany understood this fact long before the rest of the world, even before the United States. Her whole policy before the war united aggressive military aims with an aggressive economic system; and her preparations for the post-war times are based on the assumption that the British Empire will return to her old habits of amateurish inconsequence.

As Mr. Hewins points out, there is a widespread belief among Germans that they may achieve in the war enough success to give security to their economic aims and plans. Meantime, they have organised with care the territories which they have occupied, and have extended their system of the Zollverein. For years many raw materials in the British Empire, and especially ores, have been controlled by German syndicates. Never again must this act of war be permitted. Unless the Empire obeys a principle of Imperial unity, how can she expect to defend the vital interests of her economic life? To allow German syndicates to govern the nickel of Canada, the zinc concentrates of Australia, and so forth, was nothing less than lunacy.

When the friends of peace hold public meetings to encourage the enemy with their sentiments, disorder becomes a public service. Mr. Richard Glover will have many friends in his hot anger against Mr. C. R. Buxton and the Union of Democratic Control. He had the best of it on Monday evening in argument as well as noise. Mr. Buxton's peace meeting was wholly ruined, as it deserved to be. People who hold the views of Mr. Buxton and his friends must try to realise that the public do not desire to listen to them.

The story of the "Baralong", told by one of the crew, is printed this week in the "Daily Telegraph". The brutal murder of German sailors described in the German reports here resolves itself into a brisk action of under five minutes between the "Baralong" and the U boat, in which the submarine, better armed, and able to give fight if she had had the pluck, was put out of action and sunk with all hands. The submarine was a fighting ship, engaged by surprise, and potentially in action up to the last shot. There is no question here of the murder of defenceless and surrendered German seamen, as the German witnesses allege.

If Pecksniff were living to-day and had a third daughter, with what name would he have christened her?

LEADING ARTICLES. THE NO-CONSCRIPTIONISTS' GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG.

WE have been taken to task by several supporters, who hold that the leading article in the SATURDAY REVIEW, "The Little Bill", last week was a great falling-away from "A Lame and Impotent Compulsion" the week before. The position, we are told, is charged with gravity, and we ought to treat it so. But, really, it is difficult to do so, for the plight to-day of the whole gang of decadents and disloyalists in the Radical and Socialist Parties, in the Labour Party, and among the Irish Nationalists is a sight we never expected to live to see. It is their Götterdämmerung surely. The roof is off, the elements are raging within, and the gods of Home Rule, of Peace-at-any-Price, of Plural Voting, and of Down with the Dukes, above all the gods of No-Conscription and its precious brotherhood, are stabbing one another in the dark all round.

Sacred shades of Mr. Schnadhorst and the Newcastle Programme!—or the Newcastle "Program", as they call it in the land of the hyphenated—can this really be so, we ask ourselves half incredulously; or shall we presently awake from some strange, long sleep, to find ourselves back in the real world, back to the old place where these self-same deities, with a safe majority of 150 to 250, instead of stabbing one another, are stabbing the British Constitution, cutting down the Army, trying to starve the Navy, preparing to send an expeditionary force against the Ulster Loyalists, lunching with the German Emperor or his charming burgomasters, condemning poor Lord Roberts's modest little plan as "wicked" militarism and proposing to tear his medals from him *à la* Dreyfus; and—surely the culminating jest of all—upholding the glorious flag of Free Trade?

We admit, with our austerer supporters, that The Little Bill, which this week went trippingly through its second reading—amid not only loud Tory, but also amid (ye gods!) loud Liberal cheers—is not quite the Bill it should be. It is inclined to be, as Sir Edward Carson said, anæmic. One of Lord Roberts's most trusty organisers, who long served with him on tented field as well as at home, has this week personally described it to us as "slack and sloppy, but better than nothing." There is no doubt it is rather a little Bill in some respects; and no doubt by now, instead of tapping in gingerly the thin (though sharp) end of the wedge we might be enjoying the fruits or firewood of having, a year ago, brought the beetle down with a final whack on the thick end. Also, the arguments by which it has been carried through have, on the whole, been thinnish intellectually—though infinitely above the wretched excuses for arguments on the other side. They have been half-baked arguments in a large measure; or rather they have not been arguments so much as "expedients" addressed by compromisers to temporisers. Principles have been given second place. Logic has been often as remote from the discussion as the Baskish verb. Whilst in the very act of putting to death the blessed Voluntary System the executioners have loudly proclaimed that that System is great and beloved by them, and shall prevail all the better for what they are doing to it. Nor has the cry that dainty Bachelor, come what may, must face cold steel before dear Benedick—dear to the country in more senses than one—quite the clear ring of national service. We must admit, with our austerer friends, all this, of course: indeed,

we admitted as much or more a fortnight since. But the Bill is at any rate the thin end, which is a very useful end to get to work upon. After all, here is something concrete, something tangible. Here is something in flesh and blood. "The Bill is, the Bill stands", as Lord Morley will have to admit presently when it reaches him in the House of Lords. It will bring in *the men*—on which Sir Edward Carson rightly laid such stress—regardless of whether it brings them in on exactly the right principles or not; and men, if we are to escape going down the maw of the German monster, are just now more to the point than the best arguments. A master of Parliament declared that he preferred a majority to the best repartee; and a master of war would certainly say that, at a crisis like the present, he preferred men even to the purest principles. Hence believers in a fair and general system of service all round should accept The Little Bill, without making a wry face. That is how the country certainly means to take it; and the country will be right. We rejoice in the quick carrying of this Bill. Well done the Government this time! In the second innings they completely mastered the bowling—including the sneaks of Sir John Simon—and scored 392 not out.

The National Service men who entered the Government last May after all did not enter it for nothing; and it was not for nothing that Lord Curzon—who is a great and constant man, and should play a master's part in the Settlement after the War—accepted an ornamental sinecure in the Cabinet. They have quitted themselves like true men, and the country will never forget the wise, strong, patient part they have played in this business—and some day the country will know all about it: Mr. Henderson threw some light on it in his speech. It was because we were certain that they would play this part, and because we knew that this was the only way of securing the great boon, that we backed the Coalition Government for all it was worth. Coalition, then Compulsion: we were confident that was the right order, the only practicable order, and so it has come about in due course, though it has been anxious work waiting. Now the country is really going to speed up, and get on with the War. The German Press does not hide its chagrin and depression over the carrying of compulsion here, and the German Press is quite right. It is the beginning of the end of German crime and German triumph.

ECONOMIC UNITY AND THE EMPIRE.

EVEN to-day, in the eighteenth month of war, the House of Commons rather seems to avoid business-like discussion. On Monday, for instance, a very poor House listened to Mr. Hewins, Mr. Prothero, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Mackinder, and some other speakers in an excellent debate. When Mr. Runciman began to speak fifty or sixty members entered the House, in the hope that he would add some excitement to the "dullness" of rational politics; but he declined to agitate them. The debate throughout was fit for a time of war.

It will be well to put under heads the main objects of the discussion:

1. The Economic Harmony of the Empire, and the means by which it can be brought into co-operation with our Allies in a policy directed against the enemy.

2. How this harmony, after the war, can be developed into Economic Unity, so that the Empire may be fit and ready to encounter any sort of commercial strife that may be used by a rival, or big rivals.

We choose these as the principal things in a full debate, leaving for the moment the question of arrangements between the Allies. Our task is to unite the Empire. An Empire that is united economically can bind herself to her Allies and is able to arrange with them reciprocal commercial treaties of the most enduring kind. Negotiations when they are too intricate lead to nothing but talk about difficulties, and there are difficulties enough even when the economic unity of the Empire is the only problem to be solved, because the Empire has to evolve from present form into such a defensive co-operation as will demand from each self-governing part a renunciation of some old and beloved freedom. Evolutions are slow, and to give this one a good beginning is the aim of a rational policy.

Mr. Runciman argued that since the action of our Empire has been more individualistic than that of any other Empire in the world, the individual policy of the Dominions is not likely to be modified in any measurable time. "They are determined to raise revenue in their own way, and to foster their industries in their own way, so I think we must dismiss the idea of Free Trade within the Empire. So far as the Zollverein is concerned, if you include that as well, I would point out that the difficulties are also very great".

No doubt; but the main lesson of war is that difficulties can and should be overcome for the sake of essential advantages. It is peace-bred men who for ever chatter in overawed tones about difficulties. Not only has the Empire learnt enormously from the past ten years, but the Dominions at the present time are in a receptive mood for the discussion of far-seeing aims and projects. For this reason Mr. Hewins has asked for a consultation between our Home Government and the Governments of the Dominions, and his resolution has been adopted without a division. Here is an event of the utmost importance, because the debate dealt with many commercial questions which in the pre-war times would have split up the House into groups of academic talkers.

What the Empire needs more than anything else is a Permanent Committee of Trade, fully representative of the Empire's economic life. If it met once a year for a session of two or three months, it could revise all outstanding questions, and could offer useful advice to all the Governments concerned in its deliberations. It would have greater freedom than discussions between the Empire's governing Departments; and it would increase the popular interest everywhere in Imperial affairs. There can be no such thing as economic unity until every part of the Empire understands the particular trade interests of all the other parts. Unity is wise compromise, and its conductor is permeating knowledge. A Permanent Committee of Trade representing the economic life of the Empire would take for its first duty the collection and the publication of important facts: it would educate and prepare the way for progressive reforms.

Meantime, there is enough in the circumstances of to-day to make the Empire hopeful and enterprising. She has learnt, after bitter experience, that international trade competition is a phase of war, since defeat in this persistent and increasing rivalry enfeebles the whole well-being of a State. Germany made no difference at all between trade aims and military aims: both belonged to her policy of planned aggression, and she gained notable advantages over all opponents. Her people worked much harder than our own, and took a far greater national pride in their industry, and used the aid of scientific discoveries with much better skill. Years ago the control of metals passed to Frankfurt. Even in our own Dominions it was Frankfurt that governed the production of metals. So great was this German domination in Australia that the Australian Government, on the outbreak of war, had to cancel by legislation every contract in which the metal organisation of Frankfurt was concerned. The truth is that Germany, regarding trade as war, made far-seeing plans as a professional strategist, and aided her manufacturers in every pos-

sible way; while most other nations, and notably our Empire, looked upon trade as amicable rivalry, and acted as amateurs in their dealings with an organised despot.

Even to-day there are British merchants who talk as amateurs, declaring that Germany will be paralysed by the war, and therefore unable to reassert herself in the world's affairs. Bismarck had the same false idea after he crushed France in 1870-71. A virile State never fails to make a rapid recuperation, and Germany is not only virile, but docile, and strenuously patient. There is nothing in her history to suggest that her sixty-five millions will face defeat with less resourcefulness than was shown by the twenty-nine million French who recovered from the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. And what if she did fail to recover? Then her stricken population would break out into civil war, which would probably pass from her to Austria and Hungary. These events would come from famine. Are they events that the rest of Europe could smile upon? Mr. Runciman hopes that Germany will escape a period of prolonged poverty, but that she will remain at the bottom of the list of Powers. We prefer to say that in the future, as during the past forty years, she is likely to be herself, patient and efficient as a plotter, thorough in all her commercial aims. For a time she can be kept down, but sixty-five millions of people must earn their daily bread, and after a while they will edge their way again into the markets of the world.

Certainly it is best for the *morale* of our Empire to look upon this event as probable, and to make adequate preparations for a strenuous future. The United States will be formidable trade competitors, and other nations also will grow strong in the international arena of commerce. Not every Armageddon employs high-explosive shells. Economic competition in the future will be strained enough to be a constant danger, hence our national habits of a dreamful go-as-you-please should belong permanently to the pre-war follies. Already our tradesmen have made important advances in the making of dyes and of optical glass, and in all respects the Dominions have been splendid. Such loyalty to a Mother-country is unexampled in history. Mr. Runciman says, for instance, that if we had tonnage enough we could import the whole wheat crop of Australia. "It has been the same in regard to frozen meat. No sooner did they realise in Australia and New Zealand that we required large supplies of frozen meat, than at once, with all the enthusiasm of youth, they said that every animal that passed through their abattoirs should be placed at our disposal". Nor is this all. "As soon as Australia knew that we needed wool badly, she prohibited the export of wool outside the British Empire; and when it became clear that we should be likely to need merino produced in Australia, we made an arrangement with her and one of the largest organisations in the United States, whereby her surplus of merino went, to that organisation, to be distributed to concerns who did not export their products to Europe".

From this harmony many post-war reforms will come. Economic unity is not a dream, but an ideal to be made real by progressive statesmanship.

THE UNITED STATES AND SEA POWER.

WE take—and have taken for the last year or thereabouts—a languid interest in the latest news about Bernstorff and Papen and Austria's insults to America and so on: for the truth is the people of the United States and their rulers are to-day not bent on war. But this is not to say that the United States are to be despised or overlooked in the future of military history, and in the future of nations. Indeed the absolute contrary is evident to us. Keep your eye on America is a good rule if you wish to get some good idea of the great nations of to-morrow, of their vaster doings and destinies.

The United States of America have done many great things in the history of war. Nothing could

be finer than Lincoln's attitude to National Service; and the way in which he raised troops by a just and necessary compulsion, despite the violence of mobs and muddlers, is a permanent model to the statesmen of all democracies. He understood that dogmas of a quiet past were perilous to a stormy present. "The occasion is piled high with difficulty", he said, "and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country". Lincoln had to deal with a people as truant as our trade unionism, but he bent them to his will. In a time of danger the selfish and unruly should be forced to obey the discipline of war. Lincoln never put white feathers into his dealings with tetchy persons and reluctant States.

It is necessary to mention these matters because the influence of the present war is renewing here and there in the United States a liking for the foresight and courage of Lincoln. Mr. Roosevelt has ever been a disciple of the greatest President, and again and again he has spoken his mind not about Germans only, but about his country's neglected defences, because ill-armed nations have no effective policy in their intercourse with armed and aggressive Powers. No one in England supposes that the United States have any fondness for Roosevelt's conscription propaganda—have any wish to be military in the European manner; but no student of events can fail to see that the United States, with their export trade and their tremendous seaboard, must become a great naval Power, if they desire to protect right with might in an industrial world subject periodically to war. What the British Fleet in seventeen months has done to the sea-going trade of Austria and Germany, and what German submarines have done to liners and merchantmen are additions to Mahan's creed of sea power that no neutral with great possessions will omit to study with care and foresight. The United States have studied them, and their fleets in the years to come, if Mr. Daniels's plans be carried out, will be guardians of formidable strength. Then there will be at least two pacific nations with great navies armed against aggressive policies, so that their force will be a vigilant police in the affairs of diplomacy. The British Navy will remain the strongest in the world, and the United States will be the second naval Power.

Already they have built or are building 12 super-Dreadnoughts, 22 battleships, 11 armoured cruisers, 14 light cruisers, 62 destroyers, 13 torpedo-boats, and 30 submarines. In 1921, according to Mr. Daniels's far-seeing plans, there will be 27 first-rate battleships with 6 battle cruisers, 25 battleships of the second line, with enough armoured cruisers and more light cruisers, 18 cruisers of other types, 108 destroyers, 18 fleet submarines, and other vessels. But, if Congress accepts the advice of Mr. Daniels, some troublesome problems will have to be encountered. It is difficult in the United States to raise men enough for the Navy, for a people that thinks—not in francs, nor marks, nor shillings, but—in dollars, and that loves comfort in large towns, needs the attraction of big wages. Discipline on a battleship, we imagine, will have to be popularised by inducements of exceptional pay. According to Mr. Daniels the American Navy is short-handed by 7,500 men, 2,500 apprentices, and 1,500 marines.

As for the attitude of the President towards naval matters, it is said to be progressive, but not ardently so. Perhaps it is best described as an attitude of pained obligation. Lessons taught by the war have to be obeyed. Some of these lessons are military, and the United States have at home only about 50,000 Regular troops, with about 120,000 raw Militia. Mr. Roosevelt desires a nation in arms, while the General Staff has asked officially for three developments:

1. A standing army of 250,000;
2. A reserve of the same strength of ex-professional soldiers; and
3. Half a million second line troops with a sufficient reserve of capable officers.

On the other hand, neither Mr. Roosevelt nor the General Staff has a serious party following. There is no military feeling in the United States outside the volunteer training camps, the American Security League, and those who are concerned as soldiers in national service. It is believed that even the President's little army proposals—an increase of 40,000 to the regular forces and a body of "disciplined citizens" to be raised to 400,000 by yearly increments of 133,000—may scare the pacifists and anger the labour zealots and set by the ears many capitalists, who have all the militarism that they like in trusts, in corners, and in other peaceful persuasions. Mr. Roosevelt in the part of Lord Roberts has no chance at all; but if the United States get the navy that Mr. Daniels desires to give them, then quarrelling over military affairs can go on, without danger, as a relaxation from the ordinary strife of politics.

Sooner or later, no doubt, special conditions of life in the United States, and the effects of these conditions on the stamina of white families, will reconcile a great many pacifists to the use of military drill in order to counteract physical overstrain and its gradual degeneration. Industrialism is bad for a nation's health even in a temperate climate; it is far and away more hurtful in the extremes of heat and cold through which the United States pass every year. Add to this fact another: that the United States by the middle of this century will be unable to import fresh blood and bone, because their population will be large enough by then to meet all the wholesome needs of their social life. Then questions of physical health and wear and tear will be more important than they are now.

Meantime the defensive policy of the United States remains what it has usually been—a policy more attracted by naval considerations than by military discipline; and no doubt the Monroe Doctrine and the safety of the Panama Canal must be added to the protective foresight which America is beginning to learn from recent and current events.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (NO. 76) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

GALLIPOLI.

THE history of a failure is never very pleasant reading for the fellow-countrymen of the victims of ill-success. A graphic story of heroics sends a momentary thrill of tingle in the blood, but when the throb has passed the calm domain of thought returns, reason enters the arena, argument demands justification and explanation for the cause of non-success.

The despatch of Sir Ian Hamilton recounting the story of the last and final effort to clear the fringe of seaway that leads to Stamboul affords to us lessons innumerable. Defeat of our purpose at the Dardanelles has come not from the enemy before us, but from hesitation reigning in the councils behind us. We have learnt again by bitter experience that there is no "short cut to victory" to be expected in war from forces which are raised, equipped and organised during a short year's trial; that unless you anticipate the cost of a struggle by having ready means of sustaining it the chances of a triumph are small, bravery and good leadership notwithstanding. Nothing in the narrative of Sir Ian Hamilton's despatch stands out in bolder relief than the splendid courage, determination and stubborn fighting qualities of the brave men who were sent to perform and carry through a task that required nigh twice their number. No one denies that our ill-success was but due to making efforts with inadequate means both in men and munitions, and the lessons of the story of the Dardanelles in that respect must have burnt themselves into the brain of every Briton. It is singular to read how, in the month of February 1915, in the first days of the attempt to feel the way up the narrow channel by light craft and covering warships, our marines actually landed unopposed on the toe of the peninsula at

Helles and walked into Krithia to find it deserted. How simple would have been the strategic problem offered to the commander of the land forces had but a clear direction for action been evolved once the policy was determined by a War Council that knew its mind! We are all wise after the event, but apparently there still existed amateurs who, in spite of experience, remained cocksure directors of our military strategy. Singular that after the Antwerp fiasco there should have been found councillors who could devise wild-cat schemes of carrying out an undoubtedly brilliant intention by methods totally opposed to the teaching of recent wars. Our enemy the Turk had generously afforded us every excuse for assembling a huge force on the fringe of Egypt which could have been launched elsewhere with all the elements of surprise and impetuosity that should promise success. We were content to dribble troops into the new venture on the Gallipoli peninsula against forces adequately forewarned and perfectly prepared, and in the process discovered, when too late, that we were thus promising to wreck the main enterprise on the Western theatre. We can hardly expostulate about the prolongation of this world struggle if we permit ourselves to be persuaded to abstract men and munitions destined for the great effort in the West for ulterior and distant purposes. A German criticism fairly sums up the story of the failure. "When the impossibility of overrunning our lines in the West was realised a search was made for new possibilities. The Dardanelles should be forced! The plan was good, the execution of it wretched. The attack might perhaps have succeeded if England immediately after Turkey's intervention in the War had forced her way through the Dardanelles with large forces. But when Turkey, by means of a rapid advance to the Suez Canal which deceived and terrified the English, had gained time and, under German advice, had splendidly prepared everything for the defence, the undertaking was entirely hopeless. The attempt was made with forces that were much too weak, and the land attack was not comprehensive enough. The political hope that by this escapade the Entente might entice the Balkan States into the War went awry, and the people in London had not the courage to withdraw the troops and so to admit absolute defeat. And the withdrawal has at last taken place under the fire of the Turks." Few can disagree with this criticism. We fail to realise that, when we imagine that we are fighting either Jews, Turks or infidels, if such enemies be allies of the Central Powers we are fighting a German-directed war machine.

Our ill-success is due to the disproportion between political desire and military strength. The same critic affords us a further example of this truism: "The same game has been repeated in Macedonia. A difficult campaign, undertaken with thoroughly inadequate resources, is a miserable failure, but it is continued, this time at the demand of France, although the political purpose—the winning of Greece and Rumania as allies—has come to grief. The characteristic of the undertakings of the Entente Powers is this—big political intentions and small strategical achievements. Lasting political success is impossible unless the force of arms is able to win success again and again and to support it". The latter words embrace a preaching that is not unknown in the pages of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The despatch discloses for the first time the alternatives in military strategy which suggested themselves to the commander when the long-looked-for reinforcements were due to arrive. Repeated demands were made for men, not only to meet wastage—for the trials of climate were beginning to make demands in addition to the losses incident to trench warfare—but for the necessity of meeting increased effort expected from the enemy. The commander had been informed that "Russia had given up the idea of co-operating from the coast of the Black Sea". Thereby several Turkish divisions were set free for the Dardanelles. We may trace in this exposure of the non-existence of

a reliable co-ordinate strategy the increased magnitude of the task that faced the armies of the Allies on the peninsula. Surely if ever the idea was contemplated of co-operation by Russia on the shores of the Black Sea fringe of Turkey in Europe, it was our duty to design an operation that would lead to a speedy concentration of forces. On a smaller scale we get here an illustration of the imperfection of co-ordination that has obtained in the two main theatres of the struggle East and West. It is interesting to note that one of the alternatives of strategy suggested to the mind of the Commander embraced an operation along the Asiatic shore over the south side of the channel and to seize Chanak at the throttle of the Narrows. Want of sufficient numbers unfortunately ruled this out as being uncertain of success. What, however, was the main design of this expedition? Was it to clear the waterway of the Narrows or to capture Constantinople? If for the former purpose only, then the two coasts of the channel must be in the hands of the same force to guarantee security to ships' transit. The alternative of seizing the narrow neck of the peninsula at Bulair seemed attractive, but the menace of submarines ruled out the idea. We see here how a small cause will produce great effect in war, however able be the power of direction.

The commander decided to make his bid for victory by one bold thrust from Anzac combined with a surprise landing at Suvla Bay to the north of it, and a vigorous attack from Helles. The Staff work antecedent to the preparation of the main blow must have been stupendous when the contracted area from which the operation was to take place is brought into consideration. In fact, Sir Ian Hamilton, with his lengthy Staff experience, is justified in his eulogy "that for clearness and completeness the orders for this concentration and landing will hereafter be studied as models in military readiness". When the die was cast—and the despatch discloses for the first time that Anzac was the point from which the main offensive was intended—the troubles attendant on an insufficiency of munitions for the task confronted the Commander. It is pitiable to have to read the confession that "I found I could accumulate just enough high explosive shell to enable me to deliver one serious attack per each period of three weeks. I was thus limited to a single effort on a large scale".

The story of the failure has been laid on many shoulders. The subsidiary attack at Helles, which began with much success on 6 August, met with a rebuff on the day following, for the Turks, strongly reinforced, had themselves premeditated an offensive. For four days an indecisive contest waged around the slopes of Krithia and the gullies that run therefrom.

The main attack failed, despite splendid preparation, splendid leading, splendid gallantry, and was within an ace of success when at the critical moment the cohesion anticipated from the effort looked for from the north was not forthcoming. The Commander, in the early part of his despatch, puts his finger on the blot in his preparations which was to cost him much. "The strategic concentration which precedes a normal battle had in my case to be a very wide dispersion." Gallipoli has proved the grave of many reputations. Sir Ian Hamilton's luck deserted him on 6 August 1915. The final words in the farewell tribute to "dear comrades" have a significance. "Our progress was constant, and if it was painfully slow—they know the truth."

There are other shoulders upon which the stigma of this great failure of a venture oversea should fall. We can now well comprehend the prolonged delay in the issue to the public of this story of a breakdown.

Is it a mere coincidence that the publication of the despatch was only forthcoming after the introduction of the Military Service Bill? Hesitating councils at home, indecision of purpose, the withholding of means for success, both in men and munitions, clogged the action of the commander of our forces in this venture at the Dardanelles from start to finish. The delay of

four months in finding "sufficient courage to own defeat", as the organ quoted above expresses it, has cost us millions in money and thousands in men. Imagine for one moment what the map of Europe would have looked like at present if the Gallipoli Army had been transferred to Serbia in the month of August or September 1915. It was but a matter for a man to decide, but where was he? Before we roll up the map of the Gallipoli Peninsula we have proved to the world to what perfection the experience of nine months of oversea warfare has brought to the joint work of Navy and Army. This is a force and power to be reckoned with hereafter, and our enemies will know it. No prouder chapter in the history of combination of land and sea warfare has ever been written than the landing, maintaining, and withdrawal of the armies on the peninsula of Gallipoli. These armies will remain a terror to any foe that meditates mischief on the fringe of the Ægean for many months to come. The best that we can pray for will be that these hotch-potch allied enemies will be driven to contemplate such mischief, for, with all the ingredients of which they are composed, the elements of internal combustion are distinctly pronounced. It is then that our chance will come in the Near Eastern theatre.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

A BRAN NEW SHOP.

SEEING that, in these days, so few people have the taste, or can afford the time, to form their own opinions—and that the constant change of opinions is so necessary—it has occurred to us, Why not a shop or stores or emporium of opinions? Well run by cute business men and organisers—the "lawyer," or "advocate" element, of course, being fashionably excluded from the management and directorate—and advertised by the acre, such a shop might prove a roaring success; and branches of it might be established all over the provinces.

At the shop of opinions every person would naturally deal who wished to be accommodated at once with popular and generally acceptable views on any public question of the day which may be exciting much interest and comment. For example, the war: an immense public would obviously at once turn to the shop in order to obtain, cheaply and quickly, in a condensed form, so necessary to the busy man in these days, the best (that is, the most popular) opinions on, let us say, the Danish agreement; the military position at Salonica; the advisability, or the possibility, of including Ireland in the Service Bill; the nature of contraband; the latest American Note; the merits of the late dispute between Sir John Simon and the Press; the date at which the war will end; Lord Haldane; "Conscription"; "The Voluntary Principle, Sir"; the Defence of London; What shall we do with the Censor?; total abstinence by Act of Parliament or no total abstinence during or after the war; pessimism or optimism; how Pacifism is going to smash Militarism for ever; the starvation of Germany: ought Bachelor or Benedick to face cold steel first?; should Sir John Simon follow Mr. Churchill's example and take to the trenches?; one meat meal, or two, during the war?

Now, dispersed widely in print, and in public speeches of our chief talkers to-day in and out of Parliament, and in general current talk, there is an immense body of popular and accepted public opinion extant on these and other subjects. But if what Matthew Arnold called "the average man" is in particular need at short notice of the best—that is, most popular—public opinion on any one of these subjects, he may often find it hard to come by, unless he knows exactly where to lay his hand on it. He cannot recall where he saw that Mr. Lloyd George was the right man to make Prime Minister; or he has clean forgotten where he heard that Germany cannot

hold out on her mouldy potatoes—which, according to Professor Ashley, she has provided so inefficiently—later than April next, and the reasons why she must accept peace then. He may wish to be furnished with acceptable opinions in these matters in view of a dinner or theatre party to-morrow or to-night. What a comfort if all he need do is to go round to the blessed opinion shop and ask for his opinions ready made and up to date, just as he asks for any other commodity! There is something fascinating in the idea of paying for one's opinion over the counter. And why should it not be done? Why should not opinions be neatly done up in little packets and sold over the counter to the customer as seeds are sold?

Why not a penny packet of opinion on "Conscription", the best and most likely to be acceptable opinion, either for or against it, according to how the dispute is going?

Indeed, granted a very large demand, it might easily be possible for the shop of opinions, well run on a sound business footing, to sell at a good profit ha'porths in regard to many questions of the day: ha'porths in regard, say, to the question of when the war will end; of "Conscription", for or against; and of whether we ought to enforce total abstinence or not whilst the war lasts.

Thought-saving packets of other people's ready-made opinions, from a halfpenny upwards, on all the great vital questions of to-day strike one as a really engaging idea. We might even have sixpenny mixed packets containing the best and most popular opinions on a variety of subjects. Why should anyone, then, be at the trouble to reach his own opinions on public questions, why run the risk of reaching, after painful thought, opinions which must be pushed out of sight and mind as unpopular, when he can be sure of getting them ready made, cheap, and in a very handy form from a shop round the corner? And he could fling them away when done with, as he flings away his 4d. or 6d. paper-covered novel by one of the most popular and therefore best novelists to-day. The strange thing is that such a shop or stores has not already been started. It surely only needs a little Transatlantic "push and go" to set the thing going. Here is a chance for universal providers. Will not Messrs. Whiteley or Selfridge, for a trial, open a new department in this line? We think we can promise them an immense public of eager customers.

THE NOSE HUNTERS.

By GILBERT CANNAN.

WE lived then in the smallest of all the houses ever occupied by my father and mother, a cottage between Billy Lummas's field and Heifer Smithy. It had apple trees in the garden, a damson tree, a grove of three laurel bushes, and a pump with a stone trough on which I cut my head open the very day after my brother spiked himself in the neck on the garden-gate. So much bloodshed may have caused our adventure.

One day I was happily pretending to be a giraffe in the grove, stretching out my neck to reach the highest leaves accessible when my brother came up very mysteriously and solemnly and said:

"Jack the Ripper's gone up the road."

I ceased to be a giraffe and waited, open-mouthed, for further revelation.

"He's got a 'normous nose, and he's done a lot of murders."

That was convincing. The whole world was fouled for me with a stain which must be removed.

We went to the woodshed, and my brother armed himself with the axe, which he could only just carry, and me with a bill-hook, which I nursed to my breast in the manner of Punch with his bâton. So we set out. We came on a man with a large nose.

"Is that the man?" said I.

"No", replied my brother. "His nose was bigger'n that."

We let the man pass unaccosted, and as we marched on we grew more and more afraid. My brother said: "One of us ought to have stayed. Perhaps he's gone back to murder mother."

I burst into tears.

"Cry-baby!" snorted my brother. "I shan't take you if you howl."

My tears ceased to flow, though I was still haunted with a vision of my mother slain, undefended. I hugged my bill-hook closer to my breast, and, though my little legs were tired, I marched on in my brother's wake.

We met other little boys and took them with us, a band of eight or ten, and we walked on until we were hungry. We never found a man with a nose large enough to satisfy my brother, who took us on and on until we were filled with despair that it was never going to end. There would soon have been mutiny and desertion but that we met Billy Lummas going home with his mare, Sundew. He asked us to have a ride. My brother forgot Jack the Ripper and was hoisted on to Sundew's shoulders, and five of us sat behind him. Billy carried the axe and the bill-hook to let us use our hands to cling on.

When we reached home my mother was unreasonably alarmed, shook me until my teeth rattled, spanked my brother with a razor-strop, and gave him bread and water for his supper.

I live now in a cottage next to Darvell's field, and, as I can never escape from my childish adventures and imaginations, I am astonished and delighted to find my neighbours, like my brother, looking for people with large noses, or other distinctive features which can signalise them as Germans. They are going, it is said, to poison the water, fire the ricks, band themselves together, thousands of them, into an army. A man went by on a motor-cycle with a yellow flag and asked the way to the water-works. Sid Darvell, the boy who is left to look after the farm while his father is in the Army, saw a motor-car containing a strange-looking man and a heavily-veiled lady creep by the ricks and stop in the hedge, when the man came slinking back. It looked like a foreign car, too. We have an elderly German living at the end of the village. He was seen to get out of his motor-car and go into the hedge. We are all special constables, and he is watched. A friend of mine has a German wife. She is watched. I have a friend, an Austrian Jew, whose father is an American subject. He walked into Rickham the other day, bought a paper, and went into a public-house. He ordered a ginger beer.

"Are you an Englishman?" asked the publican.

"Ye—yes."

"I don't believe you. You ain't no British subject."

"Indeed I am, and entitled to the protection of the police."

The publican shuffled on his coat.

"Police?" he cried. "We'll see about police!"

The publican's wife came up to my friend, and he felt gratefully that she was going to reassure him. She whispered in his ear:

"Please leave the house at once."

Aghast he turned and obeyed her.

Suspicion and dread and rumour—are not these enough to make a war? Had my brother been an Emperor he would have gone on and on gathering adherents until he had an army waiting only for the discovery of a large enough nose; and, having dragged them so far, what could my brother but in the end discover a nose and direct them to attack it? And with such an army would not my brother have begun to think himself something very fine and big and powerful? Shrewdly, I suspect that no man can be an Emperor without becoming very like a small boy, full of vain and swaggering imaginations, needing but a hint or a rumour to set out upon adventure recklessly, ruthlessly, and without thought. And about

such adventures unsuspected consequences grow, and they end so ignominiously in a spanking and a supper of bread and water.

COMPOSING A HERO.

By JOHN PALMER.

MOST of us have at one time or another tried to understand the seventeenth-century philosopher who declared, or seemed to declare, that the human mind does not really exist. So far as I could gather from an early reading of John Locke and his credulous Victorian convert of the Synthetic Philosophy, the human mind was in its origin a blank. Then gradually all kinds of feelings, visions, smells, contacts, impressions, and notions began to collect themselves into it, and to sort themselves out by the mere virtue of similarity or dissimilarity. Phenomena from outside would, upon entering the mind, recognise their affinities and bunch themselves, pigeon-hole themselves, agglutinate and stick together entirely of their own motion. There was no need for any directing intelligence to supervise this motley assembling within the cerebrum of things like and unlike. They arranged themselves in a quiet and orderly fashion; and proceeded to discipline themselves into a condition of ready and immediate correlation which might well have done credit to a prize pupil of Mr. Gradgrind.

This is a convenient theory for dull times and societies, because it does away with any necessity for the soul or for intuition or for genius or for anything which does not square with strict materialism. It is a theory which naturally tends to satisfy lack-lustre men; and in proportion as competitive industrialism, democracy, philistinism, and common sense have flourished, it has invariably appeared under a succession of quaint disguises. Its last disguise is possibly the quaintest of all and the most significant. The period just before the war was a period when things like genius and soul were being quietly smothered, and the theory of Locke came out of the philosopher's study and proceeded to take almost complete possession of the most exclusively modern fiction. Modern fiction during these last few years has, indeed, been nothing more nor less than an unscrupulous masquerade of Locke's "Essay Concerning Human Understanding" disguised as light literature for intellectual readers.

Modern fiction runs, as the public has been frequently reminded this week, to trilogies and to sequels and to single volumes numbering upwards of 800 pages. The hero of these expansive works is continually in presence; and his author usually claims for him a degree of importance in proportion to the number of things he sees and hears. The curious thing about this hero of the modern trilogy is that, though he is never absent from the author's page, he is never of the slightest real importance to the author's dynamic scheme. He is in the story, not in order to make the story, to take decisive steps, to influence the trend of events, or even to interest us in himself as a recognisable human being. He is in the story simply and solely in order that things may happen to him. He is purely a vessel into which experiences, facts, and notions may be poured. He is, in a word, the personification of the blank and receptive intelligence of mankind as imagined by the seventeenth-century philosopher. He is put into an environment simply for the purpose of being slowly and thoroughly saturated with it. He is primæval man, without volition or a soul. Experiences enter into his life and bunch themselves together exactly as phenomena are pictured by the philosopher as entering and bunching themselves together in the human mind. He is as helpless as the protoplasm which, by the mere stress of exterior pressure, has been nudged by its environment into becoming the brain of Beethoven or of Michael Angelo. Life arranges itself about the modern hero as Spencerians imagined the planets to have arranged themselves about the sun. It is all a question of taking lines of least resistance, of respond-

ing to a succession of pulls and pushes. The modern hero, like the universe itself, simply exists to be continually tickled, as vivisectioners tickle the nerves of a rabbit to produce the required reactions. The modern method of constructing a novel is to put, in the dead centre of a succession of irrelevant phenomena, the vacant but sensitised cerebrum of a blank young man, and to empty out before him vast quantities of ideas and impressions about life as they may chance to occur to the author. This is done in the philosophic faith that a human being will ensue from the process just as our intricate and mighty universe, from being an unorganised vapour, has contrived to churn itself of its own motion into a highly satisfactory condition of punctuality and shapeliness.

The modern hero of the modern trilogy—a person who remains at the end of half a million pages wholly indefinite and unaccountable—will remain with us as long as we continue to feel no need for a soul in things or in people. He is the result in modern fiction of our absolute trust in things as they are. Subject a lump of protoplasm to the mere thrust and pressure of things as they are, and we shall arrive by degrees at William Shakespeare—that is the point of view which naturally has evolved the modern hero of the modern novel. He is simply the centre of a vast collection of phenomena. The underlying theory of his being is that the more phenomena we empty out upon him the more definite he will become, the more he will abound in himself. Conduct him down a street of the Five Towns, and, in process of conducting him, subject him to a constant rain of impressions. The theory is that when he has arrived at the end of the street he will be more a hero and better known to us than when he started. The modern hero is fashioned like the mountains. Just as uncounted drops of rain and uncounted buffetings of the wind have worn the mountain into shape, so can the mind of the modern hero be impressively fashioned out of innumerable meals, encounters in the street, trains caught or missed, house furnishings, and love affairs. The important point is that there should be a profusion of these things.

The modern hero has well suited the spirit of these recent times. We find his shadow everywhere. Has it not been explained to us that the modern leaders of men should, in conformity with the spirit of the age, be the most receptive and accessible of beings? It is their business to imitate the original philosophic blank whereon things as they are may engrave their reflex messages. Let them sit at the centre of the nation's life and respond sensitively to pressure. Let them fling open the portals of that Human Understanding celebrated by Locke and suffer phenomena to enter in and arrange themselves as crystals arrange themselves in a cooling liquid. For the democratic mind has of itself no right to choose between fact and fact. Facts, like men, are born equal. They must be suffered to take their own way and reduce themselves of their own motions and properties into categories. The human will has no right to impose its wilful prejudices upon the universe, to choose and reject, to challenge things as they are and construct the world according to its vision and desire.

Such was the subconscious creed of yesterday. It was a dreary creed, and it has inspired those who held it to endeavour quite remarkably to make dreariness interesting. It has led to a type of fiction describable as the horsehair fiction. But perhaps one may venture to prophesy. Philosophy goes in advance of popular learning, and philosophy has long discarded the Spencerian version of the quiescence formula. The lately modern hero was bound to pass rapidly and without honour from our literature by the mere force of those sluggish reactions of the uneducated public which tardily follow the vagaries of high philosophy; and now the war has come as a spur to assist in his discredit. We are on the threshold of an active period whose heroes must needs possess the will to carve among facts as they are as a sculptor carves from the block. Our new heroes will be masters of the book. They will not, like the lately modern hero, be its by-product.

TSCHAIKOWSKY IN 1916.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

MANIFOLD signs show us that Tschaiakowsky by no means stands where he did before the war. Two years ago a Tschaiakowsky concert would have been a foregone success, from the box-office point of view; on the occasion of the New Year concert of Sir Henry Wood the ancient allurements had certainly departed from his name. Is the public seriousness really overflowing from the matters that most immediately concern it, and are we really beginning to see that the merely trivial and pretty and grotesque in music do not suffice? That remains to be seen. For my own part, I enjoyed the concert, and was conscious that I would not, and could not, have found much satisfaction in more than two hours of such music. Time was when I thought Tschaiakowsky had been finally placed. On the first day of the year I took a mighty resolution—to find out what I really think of Tschaiakowsky.

More than the war has come between us and the Tschaiakowsky we knew when he died, in 1893 or '94. We have got to know with a certain degree of intimacy the work of other Russians, his contemporaries and successors. We had estimated him, more or less consciously, as a Russian composer rather than as a composer who simply happened to be a Russian. To his strong points we said, "Fine! Russian, of course". To his weaknesses we said, "Sad stuff, that! The mistakes of the half-savage". But the coming of Borodin alone sufficed to throw us into confusion; this simple plan of accounting for a man's nobler and poorer characteristics could no longer serve. We hardly know Borodin yet; his music has not been sufficiently played for us to know him as we know the great Germans. But our small experience has shown that Tschaiakowsky no more sums up Russia than "Russia" explains everything in Tschaiakowsky. I do not speak merely of external features, characteristically Russian turns of melody, and everything that may give Russian colour to a piece of music; but of the more fundamental things, the informing spirit, the architectural strength and peculiarities. It is free to any man to use Russian tunes without his music being a penny the better or worse, just as Royal College professors take wild, picturesque Irish melodies and turn out something redolent of the Royal College; but the little we know of Borodin tells us how much more there is in Russia than that, and how much deeper that much more is. On the other hand, there are in Tschaiakowsky notable qualities not to be found in Borodin or any of the younger men; and, in a word, in this year of 1916, we must discard our old estimate of the composer and make a heroic endeavour to judge him afresh.

Where Tschaiakowsky excels all the other Russians is in the handling of notes. What he has to say he says without the waste of a stroke of the pen. The old counterpoint of Bach and of Viennese men he had at his finger-ends, and he was master of the newer counterpoint of "The Mastersingers". He had not, like so many of his contemporaries, comparatively late in life to put himself through a course of mental gymnastics to enable him to put the notes in their right places; he could imagine a counterpoint to a theme, and the counterpoint "worked" admirably, with no falterings and no awkward jumps, and was, at the same time, full of character, and expressed something. More than once, and more than a hundred times once, Rimsky-Korsakov's basses go lame, or, at any rate, stumble—Tschaiakowsky's never do. His design is always clear. That he was a great inventor of forms, as Bach and Handel, Beethoven and Wagner, were—this cannot be claimed. His most-talked-of innovations were hardly real innovations, but consisted in the application of an old name to an old form, though form and name had not before been associated. A striking instance is the first Allegro of the "Pathetic" Symphony, with its second subject taking the shape of an interpolated Andante. Mozart would have called the movement a fantasia, and thought no more about

it. But of the forms already in existence he was complete master. He wrote what he liked, and not what the form seemed to demand. He invented few fine melodies, and not a single great one. The second theme of the Symphony just referred to is a wonderful example of what a great musician in his weakest, flabbiest, most sentimental mood can do; and though he composed hundreds of passages less bad than that, I cannot recollect a singing theme equal to some of, say, Schumann's, or even the best of Mendelssohn's. His orchestration was brilliant, and sometimes beautiful and rich; but he had an unfortunate liking for grotesque antiphonal effects of wood-wind and strings, and there is hardly an orchestral work in which some of these do not come near ruining the whole thing. In harmony he was as bold as he needed to be—that is, he did not seek astonishing harmonic progressions for their own sake; but where the expression of his idea necessitated it, he stuck at nothing—as a genuine artist should. His music has fire, nervous energy in a superfluous degree, piquancy, and daintiness, and often it is sensuous and genuinely expressive. Enough Russian turns of melody are introduced to give it a strong Russian flavour; but whether that flavour is the very stuff of the music or is only a skilfully-infused flavouring is a point on which I am in doubt. I have no doubt whatever, however, concerning one point: like Goethe, he is never inevitable. In some interesting articles in this Review lately the question of inevitability was discussed, and I took leave to disagree with the author. We all know what the term means. It is the antipodes of "well written". It includes "magic". The phrase is so perfectly fitted to the thought that thought and phrase seem to have been born together; and the inevitable thing, however tremendous, is so simple that no analysis is possible. It may be the art that conceals art; for one of the most inevitable themes ever written, the opening of the finale of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, seems to have been struck out at one blow; and yet we know, from the sketch-books, that it cost the composer months of labour. Tchaikowsky never attained to it; even in his most splendid music we are conscious of effort and often of something unachieved.

The concert a fortnight ago served to crystallise one's notions into, if a bull is permissible, a general notion of doubt. The band and Sir Henry Wood were at their best, and I have never heard Tchaikowsky under more favourable circumstances. But how weak and watery the "Dance Cosaque" after "Prince Igor"; how monotonous in its endless fussiness and ingenuity the theme with variations; how hysterical, nervous, and lacking in real strength and real picturesque imagination the "Francesca de Rimini" symphonic fantasia, how wanting in anything like passion, human tenderness, and poignant regret! I must confess that to realise how poverty-stricken is this work gave me something of a shock. The case is not that the colouring, which once seemed so vivid and rich, has been killed by the noisier, gaudier effects of the later men, as a good, modest picture may be killed by hanging it next to a violent one. What I felt was the thinness of the stuff of the music itself. Tchaikowsky was far too cosmopolitan, cultured, civilised, and sophisticated to take the Russian folk-tune and assimilate it naturally, naïvely, and unconsciously, and so get its life-blood into his own music. His native folk-music was as much an exotic to him as it is to us, and he treated it as baldly and almost as mechanically as Stanford treats an Irish song. Hence the Russian element is a very slight tincture. Even the "1812" is a mere joyful uproar, without any special character—and, by the way, I beseech the artist of the big drum, as he is strong, to be merciful!—and without the aid of crashing instruments its feebleness would be exasperating. Clearly, we must judge Tchaikowsky from an altered standpoint. I should add that two songs were beautifully sung by Miss Clara Butterworth, a young artist possessing a voice of rare beauty, and did much to enliven the afternoon.

ESSAYS IN IMITATION.

V.—THE W*STM*NST*R G*Z*TT*.

OUR morning and weekly contemporaries have lately been indulging freely in retrospects and in fanciful measurements of our progress in the war. If we have not hitherto claimed a share in their "foreknowledge absolute" of what is to happen in the present year, that is not owing to any doubts as to the satisfactory character of our position and achievements. No one can say for certain whether any particular stroke will meet with failure or success; but we have never lacked courage to declare, well in advance of the event, that, in the phrase of Dr. Pangloss, all was for the best in the best of possible worlds. We have never concealed from our readers that all advances and victories of the Central Powers were extremely painful to ourselves and to the Liberal party; and we have very rarely, and only under the strictest necessity, consented to allow any such advances or victories to take place in our columns.

We stand to-day looking into a future which is momentous and inscrutable for all human civilisation. Amid much that is altogether uncertain, it is well to fasten upon the one or two rooted and indestructible facts which alone are firm amid many and extreme vicissitudes. First, undoubtedly, is the fact that, whatever the issue of this great struggle may be, the world will see in it a vindication of the Liberal and civilised belief that war is an imprudent and a dangerous enterprise. It is now most clearly recognised, not only that war is an extremely destructive agency, but that over-preparation for war is itself a bar to ultimate success. The late Government, as we affirmed at the time, was as exactly and as nicely prepared for war as any Government could well be. But neither Great Britain nor her Allies were over-prepared. We have frequently pointed to this fact with pride, as a proof of our political wisdom, and, what is even more precious, as a proof of the innocence of our intentions. We are to-day reaping the happy results of our relative unpreparedness, first in the affectionate admiration of the neutral Powers, who thereby realise that the war was not of our making, and, second, in the obvious peril and embarrassment of our enemies. Our enemies, being over-prepared, were able to win alleged victories and to make alleged advances in Poland and France. Victories and advances cost many valuable lives, and entail upon those who obtain them the necessity of occupying alleged territory and of holding long lines of communication and of battle front. These losses and this necessity will in the last resort prove the undoing of our enemy.

If so far there is, as we recently affirmed, "no item in the account between us and Germany which is not to our credit," this is largely due to certain subsidiary facts which we have now to add to our main contention. First, there is that spontaneous steadfastness of the country to which we have so often referred. The country as a whole has been quite wonderfully immune from the excited militarism which so violently seized upon certain sections of the community in the earlier stages of the war. There has been a mischievous conspiracy on the part of a newspaper clique, which apparently desires to see Great Britain moulded to the Prussian shape, to stampede the nation into an unlimited military career without respect to the needs of industry and finance. This conspiracy has been mainly defeated by the admirable stolidity of vast numbers of eligible men, who have remained loyally at the counter and the bench, despite the obvious attractiveness of a less indispensable service with the Colours. It has required great self-denial and a strong sense of patriotism to enable these young men to resist the lure of the bayonet—more especially when we take account of the influence of the eloquent but perverse teaching of Professor Cramb. Had it not been for their spontaneous resolution to remain where they were we might have witnessed the greatest political disaster in the history of the world—

a disaster made everywhere visible in deserted workshops and silent machinery.

It would seem at first sight a difficult thing to match this spontaneous steadfastness of the nation with anything of an equal degree of loftiness; and we venture to say that only in one place could anything measurably similar be found.

Leaving the workshops of the nation, we find no better fitting pause till we have arrived at the portal of the Cabinet. There we encounter, serenely wise and equal to all emergencies, the figure of our trusted Premier. Mr. Asquith has said that we shall never sheathe the sword until Prussian militarism, with its sinister import for the democracies of Europe, has been destroyed. When the Prime Minister of Great Britain uttered these historic words he virtually sealed the doom of the Central Powers. Had our enemies possessed that wisdom before the event which has ever been the privilege of Liberalism, they would then have realised how hopeless was their enterprise and have definitely agreed to accept a reasonable peace. Our enemies preferred, in their ignorance of the compelling force of eloquence and of political righteousness, to encounter a more leisurely and a more thorough and merciless destruction at the hands of the Allied armies. The Prime Minister has warned them in vain. They unintelligently pay more regard to munitions than to monitions.

Turning from the Government we are compelled to utter a rather serious warning. All is well with this country, as we have repeatedly declared. But there are certain politicians, lovers of every country but their own, who must be given gravely to understand that in war-time there are limits to useful criticism. Almost as soon as the Coalition was formed we had occasion to rebuke Lord Lansdowne for a speech delivered in the House of Lords, in which he suggested that Great Britain was not bearing her full share of the burden. Lately we have had to speak with an equal frankness concerning criticisms passed on the general conduct of the war by Lord Milner and Sir Edward Carson. There are journals which have sought to find analogies between the criticisms addressed to the Government by these eminent persons and the criticisms addressed to the Government by men like Lord St. Davids and Sir Alfred Mond. There is not the least ground for any such comparisons. The distinction between a man like Lord Milner and a man like Lord St. Davids is, in our view, an entirely simple one; and we trust that, in the interests of the public, the speech of the latter on the Headquarters Staff will not be referred to again; for the reports of it were obviously misleading. Similarly there is no analogy between the helpful advice offered to the Government from time to time by Sir Alfred Mond and the hostile and apparently vindictive suggestions of Sir Edward Carson. In cases such as this it is necessary to look to the men before we can measure their opinions. We are confident that the public will know how to make the necessary allowances and distinctions, and that it will not suffer the smooth success of European Liberalism to be troubled by marplot counsellors.

THE AMAZONS.

THEY fill the fields in mighty throng,
Their spirits loosed by anxious sleep;
Their careworn souls are borne along
Across far lands and stormy deep.

There is no battle hardly won
In which a hero plays a part,
And falls to bullet, sword, or gun,
But bleeds with his a mother's heart.

The shrapnel shell, the bayonet thrust,
Which sends the soldier boy to rest,
And lays high hopes low in the dust,
Deep wounds some watching woman's breast.

No battle pride nor glorious stir,
No wild red charge her will upkeeps,
But tears, and care, and pangs for her:
She prays and suffers, longs and weeps.

She gets no honours or reward,
Such gauds are issued to her boy;
But in her love she can afford

Him, comrade of her fights, the Joy.

RICHARD A. CROUCH.

Gallipoli,

25 November 1915.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NATIONAL SERVICE LEAGUE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

72, Victoria Street,
Westminster, S.W.,

10 January 1916.

SIR,—In your issue of 8th inst. "An Occasional Reader" states his conviction that the reason why the supporters of compulsory military service failed to convert the nation to that principle was that the other side "had in their mind's eye the picture of a (possible) war simply between England and Germany". He adds that the "National Service people" rather encouraged that impression by talking mainly, if not entirely, about the "duty of defending your home".

May I be allowed a space for a short comment on this statement? The National Service League always maintained that our first care must be the maintenance of a supreme Navy; that the conditions of our world-wide Empire demanded the upkeep also of a Regular Army, trained, armed and organised in such a way that it could be despatched promptly to any part of the world. The League further pointed out that as the members of the Navy and Regular Army were required, in the ordinary course of their duties, to serve abroad, they must be recruited on a voluntary basis, because it was a universally recognised principle that no community has ever enforced compulsory service for garrison duty overseas in time of peace.

The League further pointed out that, by the conversion of the old Volunteers into the Territorial Force, Parliament had confirmed the principle established by Pitt when he passed the Militia Ballot Act a hundred and fifty years ago, that a home defence force was required in addition to the Regular Army.

From this premiss the League proceeded to the contention that, if we wanted our home defence force to be strong in numbers and to be adequately trained before war broke out, it must be raised and trained on a compulsory basis; and powerful arguments were brought forward in support of the claim that such compulsory training for home defence was in accord with some of the oldest and best traditions of the English Constitution.

Your correspondent seems to think that compulsory service for home defence would not have given us the kind of force required—i.e., one that could be used on the Continent in conjunction with Allies. But those who argue thus forget how complicated are the military problems of a world-wide Empire like the British, and the National Service League was entitled to maintain that its proposals were the best that could be devised for meeting all contingencies. It can also be urged that, had the nation accepted the principle that "it is the duty of every citizen of military age and sound physique to be trained for national defence, and to take part in it should emergency arise", the members of a home defence force trained in accordance with such a principle would soon have realised that the best way to defend this country was by fighting in Belgium, and would have volunteered for service overseas with just as much ardour as did our gallant Territorials.

And this brings us to the gist of the proposals of the "National Service people". Had these proposals

been accepted and applied to the Territorial Force from its inception in 1908, we should have had when war broke out a home defence force of 400,000 men, the pick of the manhood of the nation, all known to be over 19 years of age, and adequately trained; in addition there would have been 400,000 well-trained men in the reserves of the home defence force who had all passed through its ranks, who could have been embodied in the new formations which the first enthusiasm of the war, the magic of Lord Kitchener's name, and the skill of the War Office created within a few months. With such numbers at our disposal in August 1914 we could have despatched the whole of the Expeditionary Force—167,000 men instead of half that number—to France at the very outset, and in the autumn of the same year we might have landed in Belgium ten divisions instead of the unfortunate one division, which was almost annihilated in the hopeless task of attempting to relieve Antwerp.

But regrets are useless, and recriminations worse than useless. With National Service some years ago we might have had no war at all; with it now we are going to win the war soon, and win it handsomely.

Yours obediently,
R. MACLEOD,
Secretary, National Service League.

SHOWING UP THE GERMANS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

January 1916.

SIR,—It would be hard indeed to find more lucid and instructive articles on the War than those of "Vieille Moustache", which I read every week with infinite pleasure. In your issue of last week he wrote that we shall not win the War by abusing the Germans, which no one will dispute. It is, however, of no small importance to show up constantly in their true colours the most bestial hordes that have overrun part of Europe since the days of Genghis Khan, the "red raider". A vast number of people in this country, including several of our legislators, are not yet awake to the fact that we are at war at all, and no effort should be spared to bring home to them what the victory of the Huns and their coming here would mean, especially to our women and children. Let people read carefully the report of Lord Bryce's Commission. In that they will see clearly established facts of outrages committed on women and children too horrible to narrate, but habitually practised by the German soldiers in Belgium and wherever the foul foot of the Hun has fallen. These outrages, called frightfulness, were ordered by the German officers and commanded by the *all-highest*, and they have promised that when they come here the outrages perpetrated by them in Belgium will be as nothing to what they will inflict on our people. Our people do not know what war in their own country means; they have no conception of what German soldiers are capable; they have never seen their gutters running with blood, or their streets piled up with the corpses of butchered men, women and children, their houses burnt, their women ravished and then mutilated and murdered. Such are the continual doings of the German army, whom one should do one's best to show up in their own sanguinary colours to bring home to our semi-dormant and indifferent people the lot that will befall them if they will not put forth all their efforts to exterminate the blot upon the civilisation of the twentieth century (the Kaiser and his Huns). They are now threatening us with more and much more serious Zeppelin raids. These accomplish no military purpose whatsoever, and are purely the outcome of hatred and blood lust, which cause them to endeavour to hurt us and frighten us into making peace.

Hurt us they certainly do, because they succeed in murdering our unarmed civilians, to say nothing of our women and children. Frighten us into making peace they never will, for this is a war to the knife,

and the British nation means it to be so, whatever some of our politicians may desire.

We mean further, and it is very necessary to emphasise this, after the War, to keep all employments for our own people, who will badly need them when they return in vast numbers.

We want them for our own men and women, and we are not going to have them filled again by Germans and Austrians, to say nothing of unspeakable Turks. Flabby and sentimental politicians and others will perhaps bleat about forgiveness and brotherly love. There cannot possibly be either one or the other in respect of Germany for a generation or more, and to my mind it is highly desirable to persevere in repeating and keeping the eyes of our people open to the unspeakable infamies perpetrated in this war by our enemies. *Lest we forget!*

Your obedient servant,
ALFRED E. TURNER.

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW" AND NATIONAL SERVICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London,

12 January 1916.

SIR,—I have spent an evening with some back numbers of your paper, in order to follow once more your campaign for National Service. As far back as 17 October 1914 a few lines gave the root idea of this big policy:

"The main aim should be to let the manhood of the nation know by means of the law that Great Britain is at war, and at war for a cause which is vital to the country. We have never asked this question of our manhood: Does or does not the life of a citizen belong to his country?"

It was a question worth asking. The first rush of genuine volunteers had slackened, and the people had made up their minds to adore as voluntarism an increasing turmoil of mingled insult and cajolery. From that time till the coming of Lord Derby's "pneumatic sweeper" our recruiting tactics were a disorderly humiliation; and yet somehow, for at least four months, if not five, no paper helped the SATURDAY REVIEW to run counter to an orgy of capricious and unjust compulsion. We became a nation of recruiting agents, and the women were even more pressing than were the men over forty. They employed a persecution of white feathers and a tyranny of frowns and slights and pointed questions. Under our ideal voluntary system none had a right to be a volunteer—to make a free choice between civilian work and military service. And the odd thing is that twelve months of this go-as-you-please bullying, plus the murder by Germans of British civilians, as in the "Lusitania", were ineffective, for Lord Derby made his appeal to more than five million men of military age. Never before had a system of recruiting employed so much time, or so much money, or so much vulgarity in stupendous effort. Yet it failed. Do we find the principal reason of the failure in the three adjectives used by Mr. Asquith—the adjectives "haphazard", "capricious", and "unjust"? In any case, as the House of Commons now admits, want of men ruined our plans in the Near East.

It was in view of facts and falsehood that you opened your campaign in October and November 1914. Not only did you see the need of more men and yet more men; you understood also that equity in war service was as essential as equity in the administration of justice. That a man should be free to lure or to hire another man to die for him was not a principle that you advocated. And here you lost touch with many editors.

On 7 November 1914 you drew attention to the fact that recruiting had passed from a flood to a trickle. We were still far off from the first million men required by Lord Kitchener. Also you asked the Government to call the youth and strength of the nation to the

glorious cause of our Allies and of civilisation. You said: "The nation to-day is ripe and in the humour for all-round National Service. . . . Let the Government consider what the effect of this simple, bold, but perfectly safe step will be on our friends and on our enemies. The knowledge that at length Great Britain is drawing impartially and fairly on her great resources of manhood will send a note of triumph and pride through Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, and Africa. It will urge France and Russia to fresh feats of arms and gallantry by way of emulation. It will help to commend the cause of the Allies to any doubtful neutrals. It will be a crushing blow at the hopes of Germany. Sooner or later the thing has got to come. . . . If the Government take the decisive step now, the moral effect alone will be to weaken the German's hold and to shorten his stay in France and Belgium."

But this wise policy implied that the British people were imaginative and rational. Hence it had only a small circle of friends in November 1914. What the British public loves more than anything else is a dropsical illusion, and the illusion of voluntary service grew and grew, until in its decadence it became "a spontaneous rising of a free and devoted people"—who yet stood always in need of more men. To defend one's native land as a make-believe volunteer—as a conscript of white feathers, or of newspaper pressgangs—"was a magnificent act of superior patriotism—worth the united efforts of from three to twelve foreign conscripts". Is it surprising that for a long time the SATURDAY REVIEW spoke in vain?

"The Only Way"—as you called it in a leading article on 7 November 1914—was clear enough to unconventional thinkers—perhaps four per cent. of the population. In "Beauchamp's Career" George Meredith makes fun of the man who gathers to him a curtain of volunteers and then goes to sleep behind his presumed security. At the end of 1914 the British Isles wanted to go on dreaming behind their greatest force of volunteers, their incomparable Navy; and so you told them that the spirit of Germany "cannot be conquered simply by our reliance on our Navy"—a truth soon to be taught at the Dardanelles. "The only safe way now", you add, "is general national service, compulsory service".

At the end of November 1914: "We earnestly hope the public will now concentrate attention on the safe, just, and absolutely effective policy of obligatory service. It is the only fair way, the only dignified way. It is nothing if not democratic—the strength of the people. It will put a close instantly to the extremely unpleasant and dangerous wrangle which is savagely rising in the country on the question of shirking, and which may put man against man and household against household".

In the same issue you publish a suggested scheme for military service—a scheme full of interest, though not without a flaw. Its main features made a stir. Many a man of forty-five was indignant, because he had no wish to serve in a Home Defence Army! He longed to be fifty, and complained of rheumatism in his knees and of scaremongering in the SATURDAY REVIEW. I hope, sir, that you kept all the protesting letters that you received. After the war they will look historical in a frame and under glass.

Did you chance to get some warning hints from great official circles? In the clubs it was said that several consummate leaders dropped the SATURDAY REVIEW, or hid it from their wives under the cushions of their easy chairs. Such things happen when an English paper in a time of war talks good sense to dreaming civilians. But you went ahead. On 5 December 1914 a leading article deals with "The Urgent Need for Obligatory Service". The Prime Minister had then spoken to the House about the better behaviour of Scotland in the matter of football; and strife between classes and between families began to run high because of the glaring inequalities of the recruiting tolls. "A simple and just obligatory service that . . . would dissipate instantly all this bad and dangerous feeling, all the comparisons between one village and another,

one town and another, one family and another, one part of the country and another; it would lead to good feeling, true fellow feeling; it would end all the present deplorable class distinction—the distinction between the class that goes and the class that stays." Again: "A Government of democrats or a Government of aristocrats would long ere this (12 December 1914) have called up its men with a ringing and unmistakable voice. In Germany to-day there are no willy-nillys and shilly-shallys: the breed is unknown there. In Germany they have many evil things, but at least they have no Micawbers waiting for something to turn up: there they take occasion and time by the forelock".

On 19 December 1914 reference was made to the Federal Government of America during the Great Civil War, for it dared to do a necessary act of brave justice, calling up its manhood without fear and without favour. "Service must be made the national duty of every man. Only then will every man acknowledge—and gladly acknowledge—the call."

It is always for a true National Service that the SATURDAY REVIEW pleaded; and, little by little, its campaign gave character to most of its articles, from the Leaders to the Middles, and from the Correspondence to a good many reviews of books. And your readers owed much also to "Vieille Moustache", who wrote always as a fine soldier. Lord Newton supported the campaign on 23 January 1915. "Cannot the thick-and-thin supporters of the Voluntary System", he asked, "realise that an exceptional crisis may demand exceptional treatment, and cannot they see that if our stake in the war is greater than that of any of our Allies, their corresponding efforts are incumbent upon us? Is it too much to hope that some day they will recognise that the principle of making an able-bodied man legally responsible for the defence of his home is fairer, more dignified, and more practical than the methods we employ here, such as the indirect compulsion of the employee by the employer, frenzied and hysterical advertisements, and the utilisation of persons of somewhat advanced middle age, like myself, for the purpose of inducing others to do what we are unable to do ourselves?"

Sir Henry Craik entered the debate on 30 January 1915, and his article, three weeks later, attracted wide attention. But, unluckily, as you wrote soon afterwards, the reigning Government feared the electorate. Votes! Votes! Votes! It was then "the vote, and nothing really but the vote—the fetch of the vote, the dread of the vote, the constant, nice calculation as to the vote, the worship of the vote"—that prevented Ministers from doing their plain duty in the matter of National Service. Yet even at the beginning of the war our Government had used compulsion to extend the service of marines in home stations. It was compulsion to civilians that the Government feared to apply by law.

Even when other papers joined themselves to your campaign the position of affairs was but little improved, because many of your followers were wayward debaters who had no real liking for principles, and who bolted into side campaigns. Your policy was genuine National Service, ordered equitably by the State. But it was seized upon by one of your powerful disciples and turned into a loud call—"Single men first!" The result of this cry is now passing through the House of Commons. Instead of National Service, with the national pride and contentment that it produces, we have a Bill to punish bachelors and widowers, a Bill stored with exemptions, and afraid of Nationalist Ireland. I am told that this Bill is truly just to an irrational people, and that nothing better should be expected. But even an irrational people should have humour enough to see that the transformation of National Service into a punishment for widowers and bachelors has no dignity, and much burlesque. Mr. Asquith claims that his pledge has preserved the Voluntary System. What next?

To rescue National Service from this Bill may be difficult, for the Bill may suffice for this war; but I,

for one, hate to see a useful and essential idea lost in a political blind-alley. Still, Sir, you have fought a fair fight and a good fight. None will expect you to oppose a fifth-rate Bill that intends to gather men for the battle lines. None of us can oppose it (as the Government knows) and yet be fair to our men at the front. But each of us should see and say that the Bill is *not* National Service, nor is it fine enough in spirit to make obligation popular, as it is in France. Indeed, "Le Journal des Debats" has given a correct description of the Little Bill: "It is thoroughly English, as it establishes no principle, and settles nothing definitely". M. Hanotaux is franker still: "Bachelors! . . . All the Great Powers engaged in this great duel have long since passed this limit. Our married men, our fathers of families, young and old, are at the front. The French nation has made no distinction. There is equality before duty, equality before the blood tax. We must conquer".

And here's another point. The story of this war will endure as long as Europe. Innumerable generations will pass judgment on it through all its phases. Can a sane historian ever review with admiration the vulgar and unjust methods of our earlier recruiting campaigns? Or can he ever praise the Little Bill as a great product of a terrific national danger? Will our civilian population be looked upon as unselfish and fearless and thorough? Are we handing on to our posterity such a record of citizen self-denial as will be a permanent inspiration?

Lucky is the editor who can say to himself: "My paper can be ransacked by historians; not a word in it will be found false to the spirit of a genuine National Service." I am proud that I have read from week to week the SATURDAY REVIEW, for no other paper has been so loyal to the temper of thoroughness. In other journals humbug has jostled frequently against the needs of war. Many editors, like a great many other civilian dependents of the Army and Navy, have wavered to and fro between peace-bred ideas of party politics, forgetting that the main purpose of war is to safeguard the future—that awful critic who will pass judgment on events now current or recent.

This point is not realised at all by a great many stay-at-homes. How could they produce the Little Bill?—a parody of true National Service—if they understood that men die in battle for one purpose only—that their kith and kin may live in freedom, and be proud of their ancestors? All that Sir Edward Carson has said of this Bill is true: it is anæmic, and it severs Ireland from her sisters. In other words, it comes from that demise of the civilian mind that is called a want of imagination. But yet this Bill is worth supporting for two reasons: it is opposed by inveterate faddists, and it will collect many bachelors and many widowers. I hope the widowers are robust.

Yours faithfully,

PRIDWIN.

"A SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY SUGGESTION."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Public Library,
Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

11 January 1916.

SIR,—I have observed with pleasure your support of the proposal to subsidise the Shakespeare Head Press of Stratford-upon-Avon. All librarians and keepers of books would welcome the preservation and endowment of this fine and courageous undertaking, which, in a few years, has gained the highest reputation with them. Though "our world has passed away in wantonness o'erthrown", we must try to salve the most precious from the wreck, and the true spirit of English literature and scholarship, so exemplified in Mr. Bullen's enterprise, is certainly one of these.

Yours faithfully,

FRANK PACY,
Librarian, Westminster Public Libraries.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Shakespeare Memorial Theatre,
Stratford-upon-Avon.

SIR,—The appeal by Mr. A. H. Bullen, which appeared in your issue of 1st inst., should be read with sympathy by all Shakespeare lovers, and will, I hope, find the support which it merits.

But residents in Stratford-upon-Avon above all should realise the loss to the town which would ensue should the Shakespeare Head Press cease to exist or be transferred elsewhere.

The Birthplace Trustees have taken under their charge the purely personal relics of Shakespeare; the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, besides throwing open to the public its library and picture gallery, devotes itself particularly to the actual production of his dramatic works; and it seems to me that a Press which combines so happily ripe scholarship with the highest craftsmanship, and which dedicates itself to the production of Shakespearean literature, is a necessary complement of the other two.

I am glad to see that in your article of the 8th inst. you lay stress not only on Mr. Bullen's scholarly and literary services, but also on the fine craftsmanship which distinguishes every work issued by the Shakespeare Head Press. In their unobtrusive good taste, unmarred by the over-ornamentation which has been the bane of "art" printing from the days of William Morris downwards, they compare favourably with the best work produced elsewhere, either at home or abroad.

I am, yours truly,

STEWART DICK,
Librarian and Curator.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Avranches,
Stratford-upon-Avon,

12 January 1916.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly permit me to say that I entirely agree with the suggestions of Mr. A. H. Bullen and your own excellent article of the 8th inst.? As I have made a considerable MS. collection of Warwickshire history, topography and genealogy, mainly from private sources, I shall be only too pleased to place any or all of it at the disposal of the Shakespeare Head Press, when Mr. Bullen is ready to deal with it for publication.

Yours faithfully,

RICHARD SAVAGE,
Secretary and Librarian to the Trustees of
Shakespeare's Birthplace Trust, and Deputy
Keeper of the Records of the Corporation of
Stratford-upon-Avon from 1884-1910.

GERMANY AS WAR-MAKER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

26 December 1915.

SIR,—I would not question your review on Dr. Beck's book, but still I would ask a question: If a referendum were taken by ballot of all the inhabitants of the great nations of Europe between the continuance of our yearly expenditure on preparation against war and the creation of an international tribunal to decide all disputes arising between the great nations, and so preventing not only war, but constant expenditure against war, what would be the result? Of course those now fighting would have a vote. Might the inhabitants of North and South America be included amongst the voters?

Your obedient servant,
F. C. CONSTABLE.

"ALL THE STATESMEN."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Surely Mr. E. B. Osborn, in his interesting article in your last issue, has fallen into error in his attempt to

divide our "statesmen" into two classes—crowd-compellers and crowd-exponents.

It is a gross injustice upon the crowd to represent the members of the late Government who are still in power as "crowd-exponents". These weak, nerveless, purposeless people expound nobody but themselves. The crowd is sound at heart, and, as those who move about the country know, it was never sounder or more united than at the present time.

Your obedient servant,
ONE OF THE CROWD.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wastdale, P.O. Rankin's Pass,
Nylstroom, Transvaal,
1 November 1915.

SIR,—So far as seats go, General Botha has done as well as the most sanguine could have expected, the Unionist rally on the Rand being the feature of the election.

It is noticeable that the failure of Nationalists and Labour to come to an agreement gave General Botha eight seats in the Transvaal, where the majority of votes was cast against him.

But the figures are instructive. Considering the election as a struggle between supporters and opponents of General Botha's Imperial policy, the figures for contested seats are:

In the Transvaal, reckoning to General Botha the S.A.P., the Unionists, the one Independent Bothaite, and Sir J. B. Robinson, 38 seats go to General Botha for 50,672 votes and only 6 seats against him for 40,203 votes.

In the Free State Province, Bothaites polled 9,550 and won no seat, while the opposition polled 16,587 for 15 seats.

The totals for these two ex-Republics, the crux of the matter, are: Botha, 60,222 votes for 38 seats; anti-Botha, 56,790 votes for 21 seats—i.e., a 3,432 majority in votes accounts for a majority of 17 in seats.

Similar figures for the Cape are: Botha, 75,959 votes for 40 seats; anti-Botha, 41,277 votes for 8 seats—i.e., more than half as many votes for one-fifth the number of seats.

For Natal: Botha, 13,140 votes for 13 seats; anti-Botha, 4,972 votes for one seat—i.e., more than one-third as many votes for one-thirteenth the number of seats.

For the whole Union: Botha, 149,321 votes for 91 seats; anti-Botha, 103,039 votes for 30 seats—i.e., more than two-thirds the number of votes for less than one-third the number of seats.

It will be seen that an equitable representation in the Transvaal and Free State would give General Botha 30 seats there, as against 29 to his bitter opponents, so that the wildest enthusiast can hardly claim that the rebel element has repented.

Moreover, it is widely said that the "rebel" poll was unexpectedly small, for the characteristic reason that many ex-rebels feared that the new register would be handy for "commandeering" purposes, and therefore either did not register or did so under false name and address, and so lost their votes.

This is borne out by the polling figures. In the backveld areas polls went about 70 per cent. to 76 per cent. Now the register is only a month or two old, feeling runs red-hot, and in the backveld, with nothing on earth to do but drink "koffie", polling-day is a godsend. Polling stations are only an easy ride apart, weather was perfect, and one would expect polls of 90 per cent. and over.

However, General Botha is back in power, and, short of another "armed protest", it is difficult to see what the rebel element can do. Mere waiting for redistribution would serve their purpose; but it is a dull job, and there are already indications of a more active policy.

By the way, with the highest poll on record, the widest franchise known, the total poll is only about a quarter of a million for a country six times the size of Great Britain—and already a large and growing unemployed pauper problem!

Yours faithfully,

C. R. PRANCE.

REVIEWS.

A DEFOE OF THE WAR.

"An Englishman in the Russian Ranks." By John Morse. Duckworth. 6s.

WHAT is the virtue distinguishing good writing? It may wear a hundred disguises—a rich dress or a poor; it may move with a gait gallant or slow; it may be cumbered with slipshod trippings and haltings; but if it be there it will out. It can no more be quenched than it can be simulated, and some tinge of divinity it hath always.

Of this many-hued virtue the War already has given us some good examples. Mr. Valentine Williams, Mr. Boyd Cable, Mr. Ian Hay, Mr. Chalmers Mitchell have all published books of singular interest and value, but from the point of view of the student in writing their authors belong to the same class, they are emphatically "sixth-form" boys. Their books are the work of writers obviously accomplished: one knows they would only have to knock to be admitted anywhere. Mr. Morse, the author of this extraordinary record of nine months in Russia, strikes one differently. He is not, he tells us, a practised writer, and his appeal is the modest one of the plain man with a plain story to tell, and he tells it with a vividness and an artlessness worthy of a Defoe. If we cannot always see the wood for the trees we think the fault not wholly the author's—in this kind of writing it is almost inevitable, and his trees stand out with amazing vigour and clearness.

Mr. Morse's story shortly is this: At the age of sixty-four he was making a first visit to Germany in the month of July 1914—a visit partly of business, partly of pleasure. Towards the end of the month he was staying with friends at Ostrovo, near the Polish border, and though he was greatly surprised at the number of Prussian troops quartered in the town and district he had no suspicion of an impending war. However, he was soon enlightened. France and Russia were openly admitted to be the immediate objective of the troops he saw, and that England must be drawn in was soon an open secret. With his English letters and papers arriving irregularly, unable either to speak or to read German, he was dependent almost entirely on the advice of his friends, but so reluctant was he to believe in the possibility of war between Germany and England that he nearly left his escape too long, only finally leaving his friends' house at dead of night, making his way on foot into Poland, and reaching Kalisz in the early hours of 2 August. He found the Germans occupying the town, and already engaged in the forms of bestiality and butchery which we know now to be their common form of conquest; for Kalisz was an easy prey—an undefended, open town; so without more ado they set about their master's work of rapine, murder and shamelessness. This was on the 2nd of August, at dawn. Thus early in the War did the Kaiser hasten to crown himself with the mark of Cain.

One does not readily forget Mr. Morse's description of that morning in Kalisz. With the good fortune that never deserted him in tight places he succeeded in leaving the town, and after some hours reached a considerable body of the Russian army. True he reached them tied to the stirrup of a Russian guard; for, as he could speak no German, neither could he speak Russian and only a few sentences of French, and he was entirely without passports. However, he was now accorded a welcome hearing, and after some hours of examination and recital of what he could tell of the German movements round Kalisz he was offered a free passage to England. Handed over to the kindly attention of a Major Polchow, he was entertained "most royally", and the next day underwent more examination, this time before an Adjutant of the Grand Duke Nicholas and a number of Staff Officers. Again the offer was made to send him home by what

route he chose; "but I am an Englishman, thank God, and I was not inclined to turn my back on my country's foes until I had seen the whites of their eyes and let them see mine. For by this time we were beginning to learn something of German dirt and German cruelty."

Then in some rather vague way (a way that nearly cost him his life near the end) he became enrolled with one or other of the Russian regiments where an English-speaking officer could place him and to some extent look after him. Sometimes mounted, more often on foot, he was soon in the thick of the fighting—learning a few words of command, and being in turn private, corporal and eye-witness. As autumn succeeded summer and winter autumn the hardships of the campaign pressed heavily on all, but Mr. Morse held his own resolutely. A horse was all he ever craved, though without it he would often make forced marches for hours. His clothes became ragged, his boots worn out, his socks non-existent, and it is not surprising that in the end it was frostbite that brought his heroic services to an end.

Mr. Morse has no love of horror, but his description of the battlefields after Suvalki and Skermice is dreadful indeed. Let those who have any illusions about the reality of war read pp. 210 and 211 of this book. Well may he write: "I have painted these scenes very faintly for fear of exciting too much horror and disgust; but how people professing to believe in a righteous and sin-punishing God can tolerate the wickedness of war is astounding to a thinking man. A God-fearing (!) ruler goes on his knees, prays to God for the blessing of peace, and the honest prosperity of his people; then goes forth and issues an edict which causes the marring of God's image in hundreds of thousands."

Of the lighter side of war—if lighter side there be in this Eastern theatre—this book treats not at all. The actual battle pieces do not stand out very far above the ordinary day's work. There seems to have been no real cessation in the fighting. Day in and day out for the whole nine months these troops were engaged—now gaining great stretches of country, now losing them again—over swamps, in blizzards of snow, on frozen ground, with miserably inadequate transport and great lack of equipment. Only troops sustained with an indomitable spirit could have borne with it; for the balance of fortune was much against them.

The author confirms the stories of women serving in the ranks, here and there; while a Cossack regiment (the 5th of the Don) is, or was, actually commanded by a woman. He tells a curious story of a smart motor being captured containing two German ladies and a quantity of their stolen loot; of Siberian regiments preceded on the march by dancing men and cymbals. Of Cossacks he has many stories, and one gathers that when they overrun Germany old scores will be liberally repaid. But the people who will suffer will not be the right people. One could wish the Kaiser a thousand necks, and to each a Cossack.

On the 18th of April, his feet too bad to continue longer in the army, the author consented to a kind of discharge. He reached England towards the end of May, but of his adventures from the night he left the hospital and until he reached Ostrolenka—but fifteen miles away—only himself must be the teller. No part of the book is more enthralling, and certainly no part so pathetic. In conclusion we can but offer our sincere congratulations to Mr. Morse on his splendid achievement; through him the name of Englishman will stand firmer in Russia, firmer in the world. From his modest, manly journal we get the picture of a determined fighter, and a man not merely brave but tender.

"A GOOD WORK."

"The Recollections of a Bishop." By Right Rev. G. F. Browne (late Bishop of Bristol). Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.

"Life of Bishop John Wordsworth." By Canon E. W. Watson. Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.

"Quit You Like Men." By the Archbishop of Canterbury. S.P.C.K. 1s. net.

(REVIEWED BY BISHOP FRODSHAM.)

PAUL the Apostle, writing to Timothy, approved the saying of his day: "If a man seeketh the office of Bishop he desireth a good work". And however divergent may be the popular conceptions of the office of a Bishop, there should be a general recognition of the value of that office not only to the Church of England but to England at large. The times of cushioned ease, if they ever existed for Bishops outside the mind of the novelist, are past. The day of the Prelate, to use a word much loved by the ecstatic censors of episcopacy, is drawing on to a close. The financial burthen of palatial establishments galled the shoulders of some bishops before the war; it will prove far too heavy in the dark days of reconstruction that are drawing on. Many Bishops will leave their historic residences with a sigh, but it will be largely a sigh of relief. The work of the episcopate will become easier when the members of the episcopate are not separated by artificial, often very unwelcome, pomp of state from those over whom they have been set as Fathers in God. Come what may, however, it will be difficult for the English dioceses to work much harder than they do already. The most that can be hoped is that they will be able to order their work with better regard to proportion. One Bishop told a friend at the Athenæum that he had spent the whole of that day writing letters. "Three of them", he added, "were important, and it was necessary that I should write them. The rest might have been written by my butler". Which thing is a parable. Who was it said that Bishop Creighton was killed because he could not liberate himself from the thralldom of *das Gemeine*, and died, as he might himself have said, of blessing hassocks?

During the past month the erstwhile Bishop of Bristol has given us his recollections. A shrewd, kindly, humorous personage stands forth before us, and the Press has teemed with the good stories that the Bishop has told to brighten these melancholy days. Regarding his own episcopal work, the Bishop says little. One must look beneath the surface to find what good things he did and the spirit in which he did them. Someone has asserted that the crowning sin of Bishops is to mistake for principles what other men call opinions, and, acting upon such "principles", to override all opposition to their own whims. If this be so, a notable exception must be made for Bishop Browne. To give an example, he proposed on his enthronement to wear a cope in his Cathedral, a lawful thing to do; but his Dean begged him not, so he let it alone. This was his reason: "The clergy of Bristol were rather markedly in two camps. I was in the position of a transition Bishop. Unity had to be created. Apart from a canon which in very many places besides Bristol had been long obsolete, a sacrifice of opinion—not a keen opinion—seemed more than merely worth while. I feel sure that the sacrifice put me into a stronger position for action towards wholesome peace than the opposite course could have done". This shrewd broad-minded toleration brought its own reward in a diocese more than usually united, and in all good men becoming sincerely attached to their father in God. His sense of unity in diversity included far more than those over whom he was set as chief pastor; and so he drew together a little of the torn robe of Christ. This aspect of his work bulked big in the Bishop's own mind as the sands of his diocesan episcopate ran out. Can any wise man say that to hush the jangling discords of religious strife is not a work of some national value also?

Bishop Browne has drawn aside with a smile just as much as pleased him of the curtain that divides one

man from his fellow-men. It is another who shows us the clearly cut personality of Bishop John Wordsworth, of Salisbury. Kind, generous, and human, those who knew and loved "Bishop John" recognised in him an almost adamant sternness. He had a profound belief not only in the opportunities of the episcopal office, but in the gifts of individual occupants. "In this loyalty to his order", comments his biographer, "there was something of heroic illusion". Perhaps so, if looked upon simply from a human standpoint. But one Bishop regarded it as being due to a vivid apprehension of the reality of Divine Grace. It was this that made his great sternness towards those Bishops who seemed to him to have fallen short of the highest standard appear little short of terrifying. This, too, was the keynote of his teaching upon the Episcopate, which he regarded not as a conglomeration of individual Bishops, but as a body who must consult together and act together. They were a Cabinet and yet more than a Cabinet for the Church, because in them abode the directing spirit of God. "Bishop John" was a teacher who carried with him the qualifications of a great scholar, and yet of a scholar who never mistook the study of the past as being anything more than a method for strengthening the foundations of the present, and for building up a reliable superstructure for the future. His personal humility was as remarkable as his implicit reliance upon truth, which he regarded as being unchangeably the same. The reviewer will never forget the Bishop's smile of pleasure when he was told how much one of his brothers had learned from him, and how that brother Bishop had used some of the stones that "Bishop John" had dugged to build with in a remote diocese in Tropical Australia. The legend around John Wordsworth's tomb in Salisbury Cathedral is true. He was indeed "bonus dispensator multiformis gratiae Dei".

The third book is in no sense biographical. It is none the less a revelation of character. It shows in being the work of a Bishop—albeit the Primate of All England. Since the commencement of the War the present Archbishop of Canterbury has been called upon over and over again to interpret to the nation what is in the nation's heart. It would be out of place for one who believes deeply in the ultimate Source of such messages to comment upon the character of the interpreter. This he may say: the interpretation on these national occasions has never been paltry, nor has it failed to point out the path of hope and high resolve. If he has never claimed, as another has done with regard to the Germans, that God is on the side of the British, Randall Davidson has never faltered in declaring that God is on the side of the right. If one man is helping this people to bear themselves as a united people in order that they may build, in this welter of fearful pain and strife, the walls of God's greater Kingdom of righteousness upon earth, then indeed he is set about doing a good work.

"THE MOLIÈRE OF ITALY."

"Goldoni: A Biography." By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. Illustrated. Chatto and Windus. 16s. net.

CATCH-PHRASES full of praise are usually unjust and cruel. They affirm far and away too much, attracting the multitude that never thinks, and inviting ridicule from those who use their minds. About twenty-three years ago a French critic tried to slay Maurice Maeterlinck by calling him the Belgian Shakespeare, so Goldoni in his lifetime was dubbed the Molière of Italy, as if he had no right to be Goldoni; and from those times to the present day his profuse work as an original playwright has been harmed very much by a false phrase. Even his own countrymen, proud as they are of him, are not pleased with their "Papa Goldoni" until they have discredited him as a native humorist by implying that he is a shadow of Molière, a writer without substance of his own, a merry mimic.

And another misfortune, passed on from generation

to generation, has run counter to the dramatic gifts of Goldoni. A great deal is known about Goldoni himself, and his life is a vagabond romance, a sort of down-at-heel Odyssey, so alive with wayward interests and with changes of social environment that it competes against his work as a comic playwright. As a rule his biography defeats his other comedies. It can be read in a day or so, while his plays and libretti, nearly three hundred in all, claim from a reader several years of time. About forty of his comedies are written in verse, and these are by no means of the better class, yet they cannot be passed over as of no account. There is something cannibal-like in the historic position of this great man, whose life-story persists in devouring the world-wide fame that he merits as a writer of social comedies. But his devotees try to console themselves with the fact that Goldoni's life and his work come from the same impulsive genius, and erect to his memory two monuments differing only as twins differ in their features and experiences.

Though Goldoni made his home in France from 1762 to 6 February 1793, when he died, aged eighty-six, at No. 1, rue Pavée Saint-Sauveur, though he was honoured so much by the French that his widow received from the Convention Nationale a pension of 1,500 livres, yet Frenchmen of letters for a long time have said very little about his prolific good humour, his gay naturalism. Good Chénier loved Goldoni's art, and on his motion the Convention Nationale restored to Goldoni his pension of 4,000 livres a year, not knowing that the playwright had died on the previous day. Then Chénier got the Convention to rescue Goldoni's widow, and nothing more of note happened in the French attitude towards the playwright until Charles Rabany wrote his "Carlo Goldoni: the Theatre and the Life of Italy during the Eighteenth Century".

At the end of 1769, or the beginning of 1770, Goldoni was invited to London to write for the Haymarket Theatre, but he declined. These are the principal facts in his relation to England, where his life has attracted some attention, but where he is still unknown as the master spirit of Italian comedy. Not one of Goldoni's masterpieces written in the Venetian dialect has been translated into English. On the other hand, German writers have tried hard to make him known to their people, as in the forty-four translations by J. H. Saal. Goethe set a good example by praising Goldoni.

England cannot claim this excellent book by Dr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, for it was written, after years of research and study, at Lake Forest in Illinois; and its invaluable appendices are compiled by Dr. F. C. L. van Steenderen, Professor of Romance Languages in Lake Forest College. So the first book in English devoted entirely to Goldoni belongs to the United States.

Dr. Chatfield-Taylor is remembered by his biography of Molière, published rather more than seven years ago. In the present book he does equal justice to Goldoni, showing the same fondness for original research and the same penetration and breadth of vision. Whether he will rescue Goldoni the Playwright from Goldoni the Man is a question open to doubt, for this book is a well-nourished biography, and Goldoni the Man is a sort of Italian Tom Jones. There is an excellent chapter on his childhood and youth, followed by another as good on the vagabondising instinct; and it is only after many efforts that a reader can break away from a fascinating life in order to see what society achieves in Goldoni's plays. He is old enough to be discreet when he arrives in Paris, yet on 19 October 1763 he is sued for seduction by Catherine Lefébure, alias Méry. A year later, writing to Albergati concerning the Comédie Italienne, he says: "I can certainly not stay in Paris—I should lose my reputation". He means as a writer, not as a man, for it never occurs to Goldoni that he invents for himself a life which would rival for all time his other authorship.

At the age of fourteen he learns to be a Bohemian, and ever afterwards, as he says quite frankly, he has

"a preferential taste for soubrettes". When his father reproves him severely for reading "The Mandrake", Machiavelli's obscene masterpiece, the lad is puzzled, for "The Mandrake" is "the first comedy of character that has ever fallen into his hands", and he is "charmed by it". He runs away from one college and is expelled from another; his young love affairs are not ingenuous, he games and he gambles, and more than once he returns home a prodigal to be forgiven by his parents. His mother mortgages her property to pay his debts. That he is very kindly we know. Such a temperament is kindly, and remains so; it drifts here and there, a good, jovial scapegrace, only because it needs the ballast of a mundane egoism. But why in the world did Goldoni write his *Memoirs*? To ask the public to read anything else but his plays was an indiscretion. Now his plays are worth reading as we have lately found, "Il Matrimonio per Concorso", for instance, being a most witty and gay comedy.

Dr. Chatfield-Taylor passes away from these aspects of Goldoni and studies the attack that his hero made on the improvised comedy of Italy, the historical *Commedia dell' arte*, a very different thing from the written comedy of the Renaissance—the *Commedia erudita* of Bruno, Ariosto, Bibbiena, Aretino, and Machiavelli. Goldoni's theatrical reform and the critical warfare aroused by it set naturalism at odds with the conventions of history, and notably with those of the people's theatres, with their improvised comedies. The Erudite Comedy was defeated by the *Commedia dell' arte*, which in its turn—after 250 years of success—was defeated by Carlo Goldoni, whose plays were to the decadence of Venice what Pietro and Alessandro Longhi were to it in their paintings of social life and character. No humorist has ever drawn more than Goldoni drew from current moods and happenings; and he is always at his best when he represents the social rush of his birthplace Venice towards her downfall.

Even decadent Venice looked down officially on the improvised plays and their players. A state inquisitor of Goldoni's time used these scathing words: "Remember that you actors are persons odious to our blessed Lord, but tolerated by the prince only as a pasture for those who delight in your iniquities". And Goldoni said that the comic stage in Italy had been so corrupt for a century that it became an abominable object of contempt to other nations. How he worked his reform, and why at last he lived as an exile in France, are matters studied in this book with the greatest thoroughness. The playwright is carefully studied in all his phases, and then we are caught anew by the man and his adventures.

On 10 October 1786 Goethe saw at Venice one of Goldoni's low comedies, "The Chioggian Brawls", and was enthralled by its lifelikeness. "At last I can say I have seen a comedy!" he wrote. "The characters are all seafaring men, inhabitants of Chioggia, and their wives, sisters, and daughters . . . ; and as I had been only the day before in the place itself, and as the voices and behaviour of the sailors and people of the seaport still echoed in my ears and floated before my eyes, it was a great joy to me; and although I did not understand many a feature, yet I was able to follow it pretty well on a whole."

A merry realism, swift, vivid, brimming over with witty truthfulness, is the permanent contribution that Goldoni made to the international theatre; and our own stage of to-day would gain enormously if it became to our varied society what Goldoni at his best was to Venice. He wrote in prose four exotic comedies, beginning with "Pamela Unmarried", founded partly on Richardson's novel and partly on Voltaire's "Nanine", also a play based on Richardson; but Goldoni was not a good adapter. Born to draw water from his own well, he was ill at ease when he obeyed a literary influence. His best plays are steeped in the life he saw and in the life he lived as a beloved vagabond.

MABEL DEARMER.

"Letters from a Field Hospital." By Mabel Dearmer. With a Memoir of the Author by Stephen Gwynn. Macmillan.

THE qualities of this book put a reader under constraint; they are very delicate, and trustful, and private. To know them is to look through humour into pain and grief, and into a most genial friendship with its confidences.

Mabel Dearmer died on active service in this war, and here are her last letters accompanied by a perfect memoir, so true in feeling, so simple in narration, so alive with the chatty, charming spirit of a noble and versatile woman, that its literary portraiture raises into grace and art one of the most stereotyped routines of journalism—the obituary notice.

When Mabel Dearmer made up her mind to serve as an orderly in a field hospital among the Serbians she had had no experience of the gnawing fatigues that attendants on the sick and wounded must needs bear on active service. Also she was suffering from a bad knee when she went to the front. But impulse with her was conviction; in her life swift decision went hand in hand with much protean hard work. She thought always in deeds, and talked afterwards as an enjoyment. In her case, too, action came always from her artist nature. She found in herself none of that militancy which womanhood has inherited from a million years or so of vicarious heroism in the bearing of strife and war.

Mrs. Dearmer's attitude to fighting was one of spiritual shame and detestation. But she could not keep herself apart from the primal fact that strife everywhere is life's perpetual historian. Friend after friend went to the front; her two sons hastened to join the Army; then her husband decided that he would go to Serbia with the Stobart nursing mission. And she who condemned war loved courage and loved self-devotion. The courage that she valued most was courage to die, not courage to kill, says Mr. Stephen Gwynn. One day she decided suddenly that if Mrs. Stobart would consent, then she would accompany the field hospital to do any work that would be useful. On Friday, 26 March 1915, the interview with Mrs. Stobart took place, and less than four months later, 11 July, she died of typhoid at Kragujevatz, after suffering much with serene goodwill. Soon afterwards, on 6 October, her son Christopher died of wounds at Suvla Bay.

The letters in this book are few in number, but surprisingly rich as well as brief. Here is a writer who sees always as a painter, whose words are colours, and whose sentences are pictures. If our war correspondents wrote as these letters are written they would soon recover their lost reputations. In a few days Mrs. Dearmer learnt never to believe a Grecian rumour; and in a few words she visualised her impressions. Here is her sketch of Salonica:

"This is a curious place—it seems to be crowded with the sickness and deformity of the world. Everybody is marked with smallpox—some people without noses or ears. There are great crowds everywhere—we are not very much stared at, for the place is full of Red Cross—doctors and nurses, French, English, and American. We heard that there was a strong anti-Allies feeling, but we have not met it. The place wants cleansing—washing out with disinfectant or burning down, burning down would be the best."

At Dedeagatch she came upon a prophecy spoken by a Bulgarian peasant who knew English. This man said, "Bulgaria likes the English, but she will fight for the Turk". At Athens Mrs. Dearmer and her friends "bought postcards and the man tried to cheat them, and they went to an immense chemist's shop, where the smartest of smart young ladies also—gave wrong change!" . . . "I cannot think of these people as the beautiful Greeks."

From every standpoint this book is excellent; it comes from the heart and touches the heart. It will be remembered after the War.

AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

"The North-West Amazons." By Thomas Whiffen. Constable. 12s. 6d. net.

CAPTAIN WHIFFEN'S year of travel and adventure in South America, of which this book is the record, took him to places whose people seem to belong to the Stone Age. Their forests, dark and damp, are abodes of eternal gloom, and the traveller from civilised lands soon becomes conscious of their depressing effect. The Indians of other parts of the continent had, at the time of the first invasions from Europe, reached and passed a high stage of development, and now, with a certain infusion of white blood, are directing the destinies of several republics, for which some predict a healthy future. In the upper regions of the Amazon the natives are, and have long been, in very different conditions. From all that Captain Whiffen writes it is plain they have no thought of progress. The most interesting pages of his book are, indeed, those in which he suggests their fear of retrogression and of assimilation with the lower animals. It is, if you will, uncomfortable reading, but profoundly significant. The state of these men and women, who cherish so closely the little that appears to distinguish them from the beasts, staggers imagination.

Of twin children one is always killed or left to die in some secret place, because no woman will have it known that she has given birth to what in ribaldry her neighbours would call a litter. Both sexes take care to remove all traces of hair from face and body, since such covering is thought to make them resemble monkeys. The outbreaks of cannibalism which follow their wars and raids are in the first place due to a desire to show contempt for the fallen and vanquished. They eat those they conquer, primarily because it appears to reduce their enemies to the level of the tapir or any other animal they commonly destroy for food. Always the distinction between man and beast is held of vast importance, but is perilously narrow, and on this point their birth tabus are further evidence.

To remain as they are and have been for generations and centuries is the sole desire of these savages, and it is expressed in their word "pia", meaning "customary", which is at once the reason and explanation given for most of their acts. For the rest, their circumstances make any comfort impossible. Food is terribly scarce, and in consequence there is no prolonged peace between tribes and family groups. In the song they made to celebrate Captain Whiffen's visit to their country it was suggested that he could only have come because in his own land there was shortage of bread or women. Considering the suspicion with which they look on strangers, and particularly white strangers, the comparative intimacy he gained with them was extraordinary, for he even secured photographs of their women, although in some quarters it was thought that "they would bear resultant offspring to whom the camera—or the photographer—would stand in paternal relation". Reasons for a journey of exploration are not easy to give, and it springs at once to the Indian mind that it is best to kill the foreigner who cannot give a satisfactory account of himself. For this idea it is not easy to blame them when one remembers that almost all they know of the white races has been taught by insatiable gatherers of rubber such as a few years ago exploited the Putumayo district with fiendish cruelty.

Originally the author meant to complete the navigation of the Uaupes River begun by Russel Wallace, but he was hampered by lack of equipment, having trusted too much to the resources of the country he was to explore. Afterwards he searched for Eugene Rubuchon, the unfortunate Frenchman who had disappeared in the forest, having been abandoned by all his party except an Indian woman. This mission also failed, but Captain Whiffen spent his year to good purpose. Of his personal adventures he says little in this book, but in his accounts of the country he crossed and of its sparse and primitive population, he brings light into very dark places. More than once by per-

sonal observation he has been able to correct false impressions made by other travellers who have taken native talk as evidence. Not only is he an intrepid explorer, but he is also—rare combination—a thorough scholar and the master of a capital style of narrative. The merely romantic idea of Amazonia as a virgin land ready presently to flow with milk and honey he dispels entirely, yet his book creates the thought that of all regions of the earth there can be no other with equal interest for the anthropologist.

"The History of Christian Missions." By Chas. H. Robinson. T. & T. Clark. International Theological Library. 10s. 6d.

The compilation of such a book as this must have necessitated almost titanic industry, and the author, who is the editorial secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, was as well fitted for the task as any man could be. The difficulty is that the conditions of missionary work are in constant and rapid flux. Even before the book was published some of the data must have been out of date. There are several statements with regard to the conditions of Australia and Tasmania, regarded from a missionary standpoint, that are more open to dispute than Canon Robinson seems prepared to allow, but on the whole the book will be a useful work of reference as to missionary conditions prevailing prior to the Great War.

"Father Payne." Anonymous. Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.

There are a good many men in odd parts of the world resembling Father Payne. Warm-hearted, didactic, generous, and possessing that elusive but real capacity for attracting and influencing others, the Roman Catholic Church makes full provision for their idiosyncrasy, and finds them an appropriate home in a Community. In the English Church they become adored in some slum parish, or they struggle with unsympathetic diocesans to graft their ideas upon some impracticable brotherhood in which rules are subordinated to good intentions; or they become like Father Payne. So also there are men whose lives have fallen in troublesome places who unfold in the kindly, sympathetic atmosphere that surrounds men like Father Payne.

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